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THE
PARASITE.

VOL. I.

*Ten' asymbolum venire, unctum atque lautum e bal-
neis,*

*Otiosum ab animo! cum ille et cura et sumptu absu-
mitur,*

*Dum tibi fit, quod placeat; ille ringitur, tu rideas;
Prior bibas, prior decumbas; dubia cœna apponitur.*

*Hæc, cum rationem ineas, quam sint suavia, et quam
cara sint,*

*Ea qui præbet, non tu hunc babeas plane præsentem
Deum?*

TER. PHORM. ACT. II. SC. 2.

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H. SAUNDERS, E. WATTS, J. POTTS, and
J. WILLIAMS.

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VOL. I



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able Price of Four and Twenty Pence.*

*¶ We are sorry to find that the Liberty of the
Press and Matrimony have since that Period been
taxed*

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WHEN new Wit and Humour are vend-
ed by the *Yard*, and *second-hand* by the
Pound, it would seem scarce worth a
Chapman's *While*, not possessed of a weighty *Stock*,
to engage in the *Traffic*: For if his *Vessel of Knowledge* does not contain some hundred or two of
Tons, he probably will profit little by the *Freight*,
as the flimsy *Manufactures of Allegories, Similies,*
and *Parodies* produce but light *Commodities*, and
Fabrication of Episodes, Fables, Dialogues, and Ca-
tastrophes, are seldom worked up with such Ma-
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terials as will occasionally serve for Ballast, in any Storm of Life or Whirlwind of Misfortunes. Yet with so small a Venture as *two neat Pocket Volumes*, I have, *Whittington* like, put it on board the good Ship *Fortune*, *Q. D. C.* and hope to cast Anchor in every Bookseller's Shop of any Consequence in the Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, the Principality of *Wales*, and the Town of *Berwick upon Tweed*.

To quit all Figure and Allegory, which I have acknowledged to be so unprofitable, and speak to my Readers in a Manner I would willingly have them attend to me: If only every hundredth Person in *England* and *Wales*, not to mention my *Ultra-Tweedish* Customers, should purchase one Copy of these my Works, I should sell, *by Computation*, at least twelve thousand, and making proper Allowances for all the necessary Expences of ushering this valuable Performance to the Public, not forgetting the very Sheet of Paper I am now writing, I should gain the net Sum of three thousand, four hundred and seventy three Pounds nineteen Shillings and eleven Pence three Farthings, neither more nor less. Or, if these Expectations may be thought too sanguine, if only *every Parasite* in *England* were to purchase this Work, excited by a Curiosity of seeing his own Picture drawn at full length, I might reasonably expect three or four thousand *good* Customers, who having long lived upon the Fat of the Land, at other Mens Expence, might for once by an involuntary Generosity, contribute towards the Assistance of a Bard, who never before laid the Public under any Contribution, and who has devoted so much of his Time to their Service.

Methinks, I already hear some *Hyper-Critic* cry, with an Air of Triumph—"Hey day! good Mr. Author, what has all this to do with your *Parasite*?"

“*Site?* You might as well have wrote a Sermon,
 “ or a Dying-speech, and given it the Title you
 “ have prefixed in your first Page;—where is the
 “ same Genius with whom we are to be brought
 “ acquainted—is not he shaved yet, or has he not
 “ got a clean Shirt to appear in?” All in good
 Time, impatient Mr. Hyper-Critic, you will have
 enough of his Company presently, with very little
 Invitation; and when once he has been introduced,
 you may be abundantly plagued with your Com-
 panion before you are able to get rid of him; for
 a regular-bred Parasite, like certain regular bred
 Physicians, never takes any Hint but the broad
 one: So that you had better enjoy a little Repose
 before he arrives, that you may be the more able
 to support his Impertinence during the Length of
 his Visit.

But mum,—I hear him at the Door; and he is
 so thorough-paced a Sycophant, that he will take
 no Refusal, but gain Admittance, whether we are
 at home or no; engaged, or at Leisure; disposed
 to have Company, or be in private; chuse to eat
 alone, or be devoured; it is all the same to him—
Callipee is the Word, and *Gluttony* must ensue.

CHAP. II.

Some Account of our Hero—his Ancestry and Nativity and a critical Disquisition of the Stars upon the Occasion.—His future Destiny prognosticated. A curious Argument for scholastic Learning more curiously terminated. The Conviction it furnishes to our Hero, who was an unobserved Auditor.

WERE our Hero to be brought upon the Stage, as indeed a Hero should, we must beat the Drums, sound the Trumpets, and, having clapped a Plumage of at least a Yard high upon his Head, usher him in with all the military pomp of a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander*. But our *Hero*, though he is really a *Hero*, and what is more of this *History*, requires no such Pomp—no such Parade—no such Ceremony—He would rather chuse to skulk in unobserved, and now and then partake of a Repast, without so much as being heard, or even seen.

That the Reader may be no longer kept in Suspense; the Subject of these Sheets is neither more nor less than the celebrated Doctor *Swallow*, so famous in the Republics of Physic and Eating. It is well known to many, as indeed it necessarily must, as he has so often repeated it, that he drew his first Breath at *Wrexham* in *Denbighshire*, *North Wales*. His Father was an honest Parson, and lived upon the Income of a small Curacy, which enabled him however to drink *Welsh Ale*, and eat fat Bacon. His Son *Dick* came into the World without any remarkable Circumstance whatever attending his Birth. His Mother was afflicted with the usual Pains, and brought him forth at the usual Time. Neither a Dove nor a black Raven perched upon the window at the critical Minute, nor was he afterwards

terwards fed with Honey by a Swarm of Bees in his Cradle. In a word, it would puzzle the deepest Casuist, and greatest Prognosticator, to deduce from any remarkable Occurrences attending his Nativity, whether *Dick* would be an honest Man or a Rogue, an Infidel or a Bigot, a Cuckold or a Cuckold-maker.

Thus bereft of any the slightest *Phænomenon* that might serve as a Clue to *Dick's* future Passions, Character, Dispositions, or Attachments, he was likely to take his Chance in the usual Commerce of the World, in Despite of all that the Astrologers could do in his Favour; for though they could discover with *Hudibras*, that

- “ There’s but the Twinkling of a Star
- “ Between a Man of Peace and War,
- “ A huffing Lawyer and Pickpocket,
- “ A great Philosopher and Blockhead,”

yet they were quite in the dark with respect to *Dick Swallow's* Career, and for once could not

- “ Make the Infant-Stars confess,
- “ Like Fools or Children, what they please.”

So that we shall find ourselves under the absolute Necessity of following our Hero Step by Step in the Advances he makes towards Manhood and Parasitism, without being able to anticipate any thing but the single Character in our Title Page.

As *Dick* was born a Gentleman, and his Father before him, who could trace his genealogy in a straight line up to King *Edgar*, it was soon resolved *Dick* should follow nothing but a genteel Profession. The Reverend Mr. *Swallow* would fain have had that *reverend* Title been hereditary in his Family;

mily; but prudently considering that all his Interest at Court, notwithstanding the pure Streams of royal Blood that flowed in his Veins, had never been able to procure him a Living of above Forty Pounds a Year, in all Likelihood his Son might not be able to create any more real Friends at *SA James's* than himself; that the Reversion of the Curacy he could not bequeath him, and that perhaps he might be unable even to obtain so valuable a Living as he himself enjoyed: Add to this, that now *Mrs. Swallow's* Fruitfulness had demonstrated itself, after Seven Years Marriage, he was not without Hopes of having a Second, or even a Third Son, who might either be a Lawyer or a Parson (for he was resolved to have confined all his Issue, had they been ever so numerous, to the Three learned Professions); and therefore *Physic* to him appeared the most eligible for *Dick*, especially as his Wife's Brother, who lived in the same Town in the Capacity of an Apothecary, had agreed to take his First Child, if it should be a Boy, Apprentice, without Fee or Reward.

Thus then, without the Intervention of the Stars, we see *Dick* destined to Pharmacy and the culling of Simples. He was placed at the best Writing-School in all *Wrexham*; where having attained the first Rudiments of Learning, his Father took him under his own Tuition to teach him Greek and Latin, which he was resolved *Dick* should not be deficient in. Perhaps a more immediate Cause might be traced for taking our Hero from a public School than the great Attention paid to his Erudition. And this the Reader may surely be enabled to discover, when he reflects upon the Smallness of *Mr. Swallow's* Income, and what Part of that he could reasonably be supposed to allow for his Son's Education.

Though we would willingly set off our Hero to
the

the best Advantage, we cannot possibly aver that he made any rapid Progress in his classical Learning, nor did he give his Father all the Satisfaction he could have wished for upon this Head. On the contrary, Mr. *Swallow* was more than once highly inclined to pronounce *Dick* (though his only Son and Heir, descended in a right line from King *Edgar*) a *Blockhead*.

Mr. *Evans*, *Dick's* Uncle, would sometimes argue with his Brother-in-law upon the Superfluoufness of what was generally understood by a classical Education. He said he did not perceive the Necessity of *Greek* and *Hebrew* for a Mechanic or a Tradesman; or indeed for a Gentleman, unless he was intended for a Divine: That many useful Studies were neglected to obtain a superficial Knowledge of the dead Languages, which were seldom brought into play, whilst a proper Acquaintance with History, Geography, Physics, and Astronomy, was looked upon as an unnecessary Acquisition. To this Mr. *Swallow* answer'd, he could never agree with his Brother upon that Subject; for that it was absolutely necessary for every Gentleman, and more particularly every one intended for the genteel Professions, to have a proper Knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*; so far at least as to read and understand them: And that as he never intended his Son should be a Mechanic, and as he hoped the learned Vocation of Physic would rescue Pharmacy from being a Trade, his *mechanical* Argument no way affected him; so that he still stood in need of all the *Greek* and *Latin* he could possibly retain. To this he tagged this conclusive Interrogation, "With what
" a Grace can a Doctor take his Fee, after having
" wrote his Recipe in *Latin*, when he can repeat
" with *Hippocrates*,

" Ὁ βίβρα βραχὺς, ἢ δὲ τέχνη μακρὴ, ὃ δὲ καιρὸς ὀξύς,
" ἢ δὲ πείρα σφαλέρη, ἢ δὲ κρίσις χαλιπτή."

“ Sir (replied Mr. *Evans*) I never read a Word
 “ of *Hippocrates*; and yet I think myself as good
 “ an Apothecary as any in *North Wales*: And
 “ though I cannot read *Virgil* or *Horace* with any
 “ sort of Relish, I think I understand Gallipot *La-*
 “ *tin* as well as any of the Trade; and never made
 “ a Mistake in a Composition, ever since the first
 “ Day of my Apprenticeship. And I warrant you
 “ will make him as good an Apothecary as myself,
 “ without knowing a Syllable either of *Greek* or
 “ *Latin*.”

Mr. *Swallow* had not an immediate Opportunity of answering his Brother-in-law, being at this critical Juncture (when he had prepared no less than Ten Strings of Quotations, which he had formed into an *extempore Syllogism*) summoned to Dinner, the Fumes of the Barley-Broth dissipated every Shred of Learning, and left no other Subject of Investigation or Dissection than a Neck of Mutton and Turnips, which, in Despite of Mr. *Swallow*'s great Attachment to the dead Languages, had the Rhetoric at present to attract all his Attention. He nevertheless entertained a very shallow Opinion of his Brother's Understanding and Parts, especially as it was very plainly deducible from his Reasoning that he intended *Dick* should be all his Life-time confined to the Counter; and whereas his Father had a much nobler Plan of Learning and Occupation for him. He was not without Hopes of obtaining for his Son a Diploma, though he might serve an Apprenticeship to his Uncle, to gain a Knowledge of the *preparative Practice* of Physic; but it was the extensive Theory, and his Depth of Knowledge in the learned Languages, that he built upon in his future Career.

Dick, who had listened to the Conversation which passed between his Father and Uncle was thoroughly

ly convinced of the Rectitude of Mr. *Evans's* Reasoning, and was firmly resolved from that Moment to look upon *Homer* and *Virgil* (whom he had always hated from his Heart) as his greatest Enemies, and though dead, both in Law and Equity, he declared open War against them and all their Adherents.

C H A P. III.

A great Piece of Condescension to the Learned. The invaluable Addition the Importance of this Work receives therefrom. A Blank is proved an inestimable Prize.

PRAY, Mr. Critic, what do you think of our Hero now?—I suppose you are ashamed to keep Company with such an illiterate Fellow as *Dick Swalinw*;—you expected to have found him before this Time dealing out *Greek Heroics* by the Volume, and *Hebrew Roots* by the Handful, just as he might Simples:—But if *Greek* and *Hebrew* have with you such irresistible Charms to recommend a Man, I shall not let *Dick* be despised upon this Score,—more especially as any derogatory Opinion precipitately formed of him, might prove highly detrimental to him in his future Connexions and Acquaintance, some of whom may not only be Persons of high Rank and Quality, and of course great Merit and extensive Erudition, but profound *Bookworms*, and even *walking Lexicons*; so that rather than any Slur should be cast upon him for his Ignorance of the dead Languages, I will give him Credit myself for a whole Chapter of Quotations from *Hesiod*, *Homer*, *Sappho*, *Pliny*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, and the rest of the Classics. After all, you had better not provoke him (or me, it is just the

same) to so much Pedantry in any one Chapter, which, though it may prove great Erudition, and of course afford high Entertainment to you and all such profound Critics, may perhaps be extremely surfeiting and nauseating to the Majority of my Readers, who may imagine, if they had wanted so much good Reading, they would have had Recourse to the Fountain Head, and read those antient Writers in the Originals, or at least in their Translations.

However, as I would endeavour to please all my Readers, from Pedants down to Ignoramus's, and as the first cannot possibly be satisfied with so little classical Learning as they have already found here, so it will be necessary to indulge them with a Space sufficient for such Quotations, as may suit their Taste though not their *Genius*; and as the Value of this Work must certainly be enhanced by its being partly in Manuscript, it is desired of the learned Readers to supply the Remainder of this Chapter with the most valuable Notes, Observations, Commentaries, various Readings, &c. &c. &c. as they shall find suitable, instructive, and ornamental.

And now, that the Reader is made a Party concerned in this Performance, and that he is become a joint Writer with myself, he will doubtless hold this Work of more Value upon his own if not upon my Account. And having therefore already fixed the Value and Importance of the Production, I shall consider myself under no farther Restraint in the Prosecution of it, but give a full Swing to my Fancy, Genius, Invention, Wit, Humour, Sense, Learning, and Erudition, which exceeding all Bounds, must of course surpass all Expectation.

CHAP. IV.

The Disgust Dick takes at his Situation.—His Design to see the Capital.—His Father will give no ear to his Solicitations.—A Portrait of Dick's Mistress, and some Account of his Intrigue.—The Progress he makes in his Amour.—A Discovery very disagreeable in its Consequences to Richard, which precipitates his Journey to London.—The various Agitations of his Mind in this Dilemma.

DICK had not been long bound Apprentice to his Uncle, before he began to entertain a very despicable Opinion, as well of his Master, as of his Profession; and though he had not made any great Progress in the Classics, he had acquired sufficient Knowledge of them to render him vain of his own Abilities, and make him despise those of his Uncle. Urged by these Motives he pressed his Father very hard to send him to *London*, where he might enlarge his Ideas and extend his Knowledge: But his Father would listen to no such Proposals, representing the Injustice he should be guilty of towards his Uncle, if he were to wrest him out of his Hands just when he was beginning to be serviceable in his Profession,

Profession, more especially as he had taken him without Fee or Reward, and had cloathed and maintained him for near two Years.

Dick no way relished this Manner of arguing, as he had the Vanity to imagine he had been of more Service to Mr. *Evans* than any Expence he could possibly have put him to could balance; nay, he urged, that he had more than once prevented his exposing himself by writing bad *English*, and had even corrected the false Orthography in his Labels and upon his Gallipots.

Our Hero would certainly have fulfilled his Intent of making a Journey to the Capital, if he could any way have contrived to raise the necessary Finances, but he was always so much straitened in this Respect, that he never had an Opportunity of accumulating above a Guinea with all his Oeconomy and Frugality. An Accident which some-time after happened in Mr. *Evans's* Family expedited the Execution of *Dick's* Scheme, which now became particularly eligible, when the Extent of *Dick's* Cash was so little suited to the Journey, that it did not exceed a King *William's* Crown-piece, a Queen *Anne's* Shilling, and three Silver Three-pences.

It may not be unnecessary to premise that Mr. *Evans* kept a Maid; that is, a Maid-servant, who was plump, sanguine, vigorous, and caroty; moreover her Name was *Kate*. It so fell out that *Kate* had not been many Months in Mr. *Evans's* Service before she increased in Bulk, became drowsy, and, in a Word, stupid. Finding a Change in her natural Habit, and living with one of the Faculty, she had no Occasion to go far for Advice.—The Reader may perhaps surmise that she was with Child;—*Dick* had some Suspicions of it himself at first, but he soon changed his Opinion, when she applied

applied to him for Advice, and he pronounced her Disorder to be a *Plethora*.

This was *Greek* to *Kate*, yet she was satisfied *Dick* was right, and as it was a *Plethora*, it was therefore necessary she should lose a little Blood, and as she entertained no Doubt of his Skill in Phlebotomy, whose Assistance could she call in more speedily or more cheap than *Dick's*?—In a word he bled her more than once, which restored her to her usual Vivacity, Chearfulness, and former good Habit of Body.

From this Time a stricter Intimacy took place between *Dick* and *Kate*: *Dick* would read Story-Books, and even Plays to her, and so well suited his Passages to his Passion, that it was not long before *Kate* was prevailed upon to believe, as all the great Folks she had read—(no, heard read) of had been prevailed upon, there could be no great Harm in her condescending to let *Dick* be the *happiest Creature* in the World, as he called it.

This Intrigue continued for some Time, without any one in the Family having the least Suspicion of the Connexion, when unluckily, as Fortune would have it, *Kate's* Apron-string became too short; and though it was a *Plethora* before, it was certainly a Pregnancy now. Mrs. *Evans*, who was a very industrious Woman, particularly with regard to her Maids, and who had ever given a very strict Eye to the Chastity of her House, and to that End always locked *Dick* in, after pinning his Curtains, was greatly surprized and astonished at the Discovery. She took *Kate* to task, with a full Resolution to make her acknowledge the whole: but *Kate* obstinately denied every Tittle of the Accusation, and with much Effrontery and Resolution, underwent a thorough Inspection of her Master Mr. *Evans*, who, having properly wiped his Spectacles
and

and fixed them upon a very elevated Nose, which had been no small Advocate formerly with Mrs. Evans, entered into a most critical and elaborate Examination, after which he pronounced, with some Emphasis, *that she either might or might not be with Child; that it either might be the Dropsy, or it might not.* Mrs. Evans was very far from being satisfied with this Determination, though she owned it a great deal staggered her, as she had pinned Dick's Curtains every Night since Kate had been in the House, and that she never went a Holiday-making, and never staid on an Errand. Mrs. Evans was however resolved to know the Bottom of it, and she now took Dick to task, who as resolutely denied every Accusation, as Kate had done before; proved the Curtains were never unpinned in a Morning, and that it was impossible he could get out of his Room till she unlocked the Door. This was Reason, this was almost Conviction to Mrs. Evans; though she might have some shrewd Suspicions of the Fallacy of Dick's Argument, had she reflected that there was no greater Difficulty to get out of Bed at Night than there was in the Morning, though the Curtains remained pinned; and that, though she locked the Door on the Outside, it was easily opened by an Hasp at the Inside.

But these Considerations never occurred to Mrs. Evans, and the Impracticability of Kate's being rendered pregnant without her Privacy, baffled even these Testimonies. As to Mr. Evans, the Inspection Kate had undergone had so fully convinced him of her Exemption from Guilt, that he was easily prevailed upon to consider her Conduct, however protuberant her Belly might be, as no way criminal; so that she had fairly foiled her Accusers, and her Mistress was ready to pronounce her innocent, by

by assigning a Cause for these common Disorders in young Women.

But her Belly became every Day a stronger Evidence against her ; and when her Mistress considered *Kate* as immaculate, the Neighbours began to cry out Shame, upon countenancing so scandalous a Maid. *Wrexham* echoed with *Kate's* Shame.

Till Offa's Dyke re-bellow'd with the Din. Mrs. *Evans* was forced into a Disbelief of her Virtue, when she began to entertain the most favourable Opinion of it.

It was this Circumstance, thus publicly propagated in the Streets of *Wrexham*, which could not fail sounding upon the tabor of *Dick's* Ear, that made him precipitate his Journey to the Capital. All the Terrors of a Prison presented themselves before him. He saw nothing but Hemp and Dungeons, the Opprobrium of his Relations, the Tyranny of the Magistrates, the Perfidy of his Mistress, the Yelling of the Bantling, all, all prompted him to hasten his Journey for *London*. But what was he to do for a Support ? Begging his Way up to Town did not appear to him the most eligible ; he more than once ruminated upon taking a Purse upon the Road ; but, besides his being entirely unprovided with Arms, he was also deficient in Resolution ; and *all-parasitically* inclined as he was, he inherited Virtue enough from his Ancestors to resist such a Temptation.

CHAP. V.

Dick's Expedient for putting his travelling Project into Execution. Sets out without being suspected. His Reveries upon his Journey—arrives at a Village. The Cause of invading the Territory of his Finances. A cogent Reason for pursuing a direct opposite Method to the common Run of Travellers. Some Description of the Inn, the Hostler, the Landlord, and the Reception he meets with. His Landlord's Apprehensions of an approaching Famine—diverted by the Goodness of his own Ale. A Specimen of his Host's Wit and Humour, which our Hero no way relishes. Dick retires to Rest—is ideally assaulted by his Landlord. The Maid interferes, and its Event.

KATE's Venter every Day became more prominent, and the Urgency of Dick's Expedition consequently the more enforced itself. In a Word, according to her Reckoning, as well as that of our Hero, she was now within a Month of her Time, so that lest she might drop to Pieces a Week or two prompt Reckoning, he resolved to tarry no longer in *Wrexham*, but set off for *London*, even though his Capital was still in such an unpromising State. To this End he packed up his best Suit of Cloaths, with as many clean Shirts as he could muster, in an old Portmanteau belonging to his Uncle, and waited for nothing now but an Opportunity of procuring himself his Father's old Dapper Mare, which he for a long Time had his Eye upon, as she was his only Hopes of Conveyance.

This Opportunity presented itself two Days after, which was on the *Sunday*, whilst his Father and Uncle with their Families were at Church, when
he

he saddled the grey Mare, and, having conveyed her about a Mile from Town, where he fastened her to a Tree in a By-lane, he soon after carried his Portmanteau in a hand Basket without being suspected, as *Kate* was equally imposed upon, with the rest who observed him, by this Device, imagining that the hand Basket contained nothing but Medicines. He no sooner reached the Spot where *old Bess* was fastened than he took out his Portmanteau, and throwing aside the Basket, fastened it with a Cord upon his Rozinante, and mounting his *Steed* set forth upon a handsome Trot towards the Capital.

Dick had not got many Miles from *Wrexham*, which was however farther than he had ever before emigrated, when his Mare slackened her Pace, and with her Speed the Expediency and Propriety of his Journey began now to appear in a very different point of View to what it had a few Hours before. The Raillery of the Town's Folks, the Enmity of his Relations, and even the Terrors of a Jail, were now greatly softened in their Asperity, and *Dick* ruminated upon the Folly of such a Journey as he had undertaken, without a Friend to apply to, unrecommended, and incapable of two Days Support. Besides, he considered, not without some Reason, that the Step he had taken incurred him, with much greater Propriety, the Discountenance, Reproach, and Opprobrium of his Relations, than any natural Slip he had made upon the *Turf of Venus*.

Thus ruminating upon the Folly and Ridiculousness of his Expedition, he unthinkingly approached *Middlechurch*, a small Town about Twenty Miles distant from *Wrexham*. Fatigued not only with the Length of Travelling to so juvenile a Horseman, but by the Want of Nutriment, and above all the mortifying Reflections which forced themselves upon him, *Dick* found it impracticable to journey
any

any farther that Night : So that a keen Appetite, and a very sore Breech, were sufficient Arguments with him to make the first Incroachment upon the Territory of his Finances. *Dick*, unaccustomed to Peregrination, did not follow the common Method of *Enquiry* upon arriving in a Town or Village ; that is, for the *best Inn* in it ; which indeed most frequently turns out the *worst*, for two evident Reasons ; First, because it is the usual Receptacle of Strangers, whom the Host imagines he has an exclusive Privilege to fleece at Will ; and Secondly, that as Strangers they are not qualified to think whether they are well or ill treated, even according to the Exorbitancy. Now *Dick* took the direct opposite Method ; and consulting only his real Friend, though a very small one, that was his Cash, who informed him, the *very worst Inn* would more immediately suit with his Finances ; he accordingly made the strictest Search for, and was at length shewn it (after much Pursuit) by one who bore the Master of it a particular Enmity, and imagined by giving it that Character, instead of recommending him a Customer, he precluded him of one : But in this his Malice had a very contrary Effect, for *Dick* took his Character *au pié de la lettre*, and repaired straight forward to it. The Sign at first staggered *Dick*, as it conveyed to him the Idea of a much better Inn than he had the Design of sojourning at ; but espying some of the upper Casements had not their full Complement of Panes, he was in Hopes the inward Appurtenances might resemble them, and in this he was not mistaken, for he had no sooner alighted at the Door, than a Wench, whose Rags would scarce cover her Nakedness, and who served in the triple Capacity of Cook, Chamberlain, and Hostler, took his Horse by the Bridle, and conducting him through the Passage, put him in a Place which
she

she called a Stable, but which upon Enquiry was found to be the Pantry. He was ushered into the Kitchen, where the Landlord was sitting before the Fire, occupying two Chairs, one being employed for the Support of his lame Leg, which he thought a sufficient Apology for preventing any one coming to the Fire on that Side. However, *Dick* found Place enough for squeezing in a Chair opposite to him, and began early to ask what there was to eat in the House; he was answered, in the genuine *Boniface* style, *every Thing*; but, upon farther Enquiry, he found *every Thing* was comprized in a Remnant of a Hock of Bacon which had been dressed for Dinner, and which our Hero paid his Compliments to as soon as he could get at it.

Though *Dick's* irresistible Appetite had hurried him into this Extravagance (as he at present considered it) having a constant Regard to the State of his Pocket, he eat not without some intermitting Compunctions in the Heat of his Regale. The Landlord, who had kept a constant Eye upon *Dick* ever since he had taken the tenth Slice, had forgot the Pain in his Leg for a full Quarter of an Hour, and had even broke off in the Middle of his favourite hunting Story, just at the very important Crisis of leaping a six-bar Gate, in some measure stopt the rapid Progress of *Dick's* Knife and Fork in the compleat Dissection of the Hock of Bacon, by fixing his Eyes so stedfastly upon him as to remind him of the great Devastation he was making in the Family Dish, which our Hero did not know was to have been the great Foundation of eating for the whole Week. The Hostler (that is the Cook) brought the Cheese, much against her Master's Inclination, who entertained not the least Doubt that *Dick* would shew as much Dexterity as a Sculptor upon this Subject, as he had before as an Anatomist upon
the

the Limb of the unfortunate Animal just removed from before him, or that this would be a Sequel to his Concert of eating, and would require nothing but Marrowbones and Cleavers to complete the *Trio*.

Though the Host could not refrain asking the Wench in an angry Tone, if the Gentleman had called for the Cheese? *Dick* was not thereby discountenanced from paying it a due Regard; and had he not ordered a second Mug of Ale and drank the Landlord's Health, who was very ready to pledge him, he certainly would have arisen, lame as he was, to have made a general Remove. *Dick* perceived the Landlord's Agitation of Spirit, which he at first attributed to the Pain he might be under with his Leg; but his Eyes being constantly fixed upon him or the Table, and never making a greater Excursion than from him to the Cheese, and the Cheese to his Mouth, he concluded the Landlord imagined he had no Money in his Pocket; and though this was not absolutely the Case, a Consciousness of his not having a great deal, excited him to shew what he had, and he therefore asked the Landlord, whilst he was still piddling with the Cheese, what he had to pay for eating? To this the Host very pertinaciously replied; *he could not tell him till he had done*. *Dick* took the Hint, and drew his Chair to the Fire, when the Landlord resumed his wonted Communicativeness, leaped the six-bar Gate in an Instant, and, though he had met with so great an Interruption by *Dick's* long and affecting Repast, *was in at the Death*.

The Landlord having finished his Story precisely at the same Time as he did the Mug of Ale, he told *Dick* he had an excellent Joke to tell him about the Parson, but that it would lose much of its Merit if the Mug was not replenished, our Hero, greatly
against

against his Will, called for another Recruit : “ And
 “ now, Sir, said he, I’ll tell you how he served
 “ Squire *Smack* the Day before Yesterday—the
 “ Doctor would fain have had the Squire treat him,
 “ but being tired of doing it so often, the Doctor
 “ agreed to tofs up for a Mug of Ale, and (wonderful to think of) lost and paid for it :—But mind
 “ here comes the Joke, the Ale was no sooner
 “ brought, than taking it in this Manner, he said
 “ to the Squire, Here’s to you,———and, ha!
 “ ha! ha!—left just as much for the Squire as I
 “ have done for you.”

This was a Piece of Wit *Dick* was neither prepared for, nor could much relish, especially as he found a Replenition was to be the Price of the Joke. However, he submitted to the Tyranny of Humour, and suffered his Landlord to call with a jocular Sneer for another Pot of Ale.

Though *Dick* from the various Agitations of his Mind, and the uncommon Fatigue he had undergone, was much inclined to retire early to Rest, he was nevertheless prevailed upon, by the uninterrupted Loquacity of his Landlord, to sit up two full Hours longer than he chose, during which Time he was entertained with the private History of the whole Neighbourhood ; upon which, however, his Host prudently took care to caution him to Secrecy.

Though *Dick* at length obtained his Dismission from the Kitchen, and was shewn to his Apartment, which was very far from being elegant, either in respect to itself or the Furniture, yet it was some Hours before he could resign himself up to Sleep. He could not refrain ruminating upon his melancholy Situation ; that he had already expended near Half-a-Crown of his small Stipend, besides what his Horse might have devoured, without having yet gotten more than twenty Miles from *Wrexham*.

In

In this distracted State, he was revolving in his Mind upon the most eligible Step he could take, and whether it were better to pursue his Journey under these disadvantageous Circumstances, or to return back to his Master, and endeavour at a Reconciliation. Just as he was taking the seventeenth Turn from his right to his left Side, without having yet come to any Conclusion, or indeed being likely to come to any, his Landlord's Leg came plump against the *Pineal Gland*, and struck it with such Violence, that he cried, with uncommon Vociferousness, "*I have it,*" which awakened the Maid who lay in the next Room, and who being unaccustomed to such Midnight Outcries, came running in to know if any Accident had happened to our Hero. He was at first unguarded enough to be ready to inform her how her Master had served him, but recollecting himself that he might turn the Assault to more Advantage, by keeping it a Secret (though he had no Intentions of putting the Assailant in the Crown) he diverted her Curiosity, by informing her, "he was addicted to talk in his Sleep, and that she must not be surprized at any such Declamations for the future." This Information satisfied her, and she retired.

CHAP. VI.

The affair which concluded the last Chapter made up without the Intervention of the Lawyers—An Eclaircissement of this mysterious Incident by a profound Secret in Dick's Possession; is however prevented communicating it to Advantage for the present—His Church-yard Conversation, and the Invitation he receives from the Parson. The Consolation he receives from his Host—pays the Visit to the Ecclesiastic—the Mortification he meets with, and the Abruptness of his Departure.

THIS accidental Assault, which the uninformed Reader may be apt to conclude was performed by the Host in an Act of Inebriety, or whilst he was walking in his Sleep (though by-the-by he was so lame he could not walk at all) was no way disagreeable to *Richard*, who, though a Hero, received this same kicking with much Complacency and no small Satisfaction. To talk no longer in Parables, when *Dick* was upon the very Brink of Despair, a Thought entered into his Head which afforded him great momentary Pleasure, in hopes of affording his Landlord, by his chirurgical Skill, as much lasting Consolation by the Removal of his Pain.

It should have been premised, that Mr. *Evans*, although his pharmatical and chirurgical Knowledge was much circumscribed, was possessed of a Nostrum, which he successfully applied in many Cases of Eruptions and Ulcers in the Legs, when various other Applications had been ineffectually made. *Dick* had often prepared this Medicine, and was therefore as much in the Secret as his Uncle; and it was the Hopes of recommending himself by

this Means to his Landlord, and obtaining a suitable Recompence, that had occupied *Dick's* Thoughts, and placed him (in Imagination) at *London* in Affluence.

These Reveries and Reflections, by turns disagreeable and agreeable, had employed so many Hours, that when *Aurora* began to dawn, *Dick*, notwithstanding his strong Disposition to Sleep when he first retired to Rest, had made but a small Progress in the destined Business of the Night. He nevertheless arose and dressed himself, in hopes to have found his Landlord as diligent as himself, and descended into the Kitchen with the full Resolution of disembodying his Proposals, and offering his medicinal Abilities to his invalid Host.

In this he was however for the present disappointed; for he found it was not yet the Hour for his Host to rise: And upon Enquiry of the Female Hostler, he was informed he never got up till Nine. This in some measure disconcerted *Dick*, as the Plan of his future Operations was to be regulated by the favourable or unfavourable Reception his offered Service should meet with; resolving, in case his Landlord should refuse his Assistance, to set off for *London*, without permitting the most earnest Solicitations of the keenest Appetite to stop him on his Journey till he arrived at the Capital. In taking this Resolution *Dick* had not properly weighed the Length of his Ride before he should have finished it, or thought of the scarce Practicability of falling one hundred and forty-seven Miles upon a Stretch.

Dick in the mean time endeavoured to divert his Melancholy by taking a Walk through the Village, in order to make a Survey of the Buildings and Edifices. But his Curiosity was highly disappointed, in finding nothing but a few thatched Houses, or any Construction that could be called a Building,

have

save the Church; and this indeed was proportionably mean with the parochial Habitations. In loitering in the Church-yard, and examining some of the monumental Inscriptions, he was accosted by the Parson, whose principal Virtue, and which he most eminently valued himself upon, was rising early in the Morning. *Dick* made some Observations upon the Tomb-stones, which happened to chime in with the Doctor's Way of Thinking; and after conversing with him about an Hour, he was invited to his House to partake of a Bottle of *October* in the Afternoon. *Dick* reflecting upon his critical and problematical Situation, at first excused himself, saying, he was not certain whether he should sojourn till the Afternoon, as it depended upon the Return of a Messenger whom he had dispatched upon some particular Business; but that if his Affairs would let him tarry so long, he would doubtless do himself the Pleasure of waiting upon him.

The Time now approached of the Host's rising, and *Dick* returned to the Inn, having prepared an interrogatory Speech concerning his Health, and the Recommendation of his own Abilities for restoring it. The Host was charmed with his Guest's profound Learning and Skill, and was persuaded that he who could talk so well concerning *Prognostics* and *Diagnosics*, must certainly have it in his Power to give him immediate Relief; so that *Dick* was cherished and looked upon from that Moment as one of the Family. This administered no small Consolation to our Hero, as he found himself, by these means, released from discharging his Bill of the preceding Night; and flushed with greater Spirits than any he had been animated with since his Departure from *Wrexham*, he waited upon the Parson, agreeable to his Invitation.

In the Course of Conversation the Curate ac-

acquainted *Dick* that his Living produced him near Two hundred a Year; but that from Principles of Religion and Morality, he expended not more than Forty Pounds a Year for the Necessaries of Life, which the Exigencies of human Nature demanded; but that he employed the Remainder in much more noble and satisfactory Uses—*charitable Donations*.

This furnished our Hero with what he thought a very seasonable Opportunity of intimating to this truly worthy Divine the scanty State of his present Finances, and that a small friendly Assistance would be of the most eminent Service to him; expatiating upon his want of Friends either upon the Road or at the Capital, whither he was bound; and that he might have been exposed to the most imminent Dangers and trying Necessities, if he had not met with so worthy and hospitable a Benefactor.

This unexpected Attack upon the Divine's Beneficence readily caused an intire Reformation in his Sentiments; and his moral Topics were easily changed from Charity and Benevolence, to Temperance, Oeconomy, and the Happiness resulting from a Man's own Mind, abstractedly from the *Res Pecuniaria*, which he absolutely insisted upon was no way essential in procuring philosophical Contentment and moral Felicity. *Dick* was a good deal mortified to find that the Exposition of his Circumstances had procured so very contrary an Effect upon the Doctor's Benevolence; and he early retired, heartily disgusted with his Hypocrisy and false Pretences to Virtue, which his Conduct clearly evinced he was an utter Stranger to.

CHAP. VII.

The Landlord's Concern at Dick's Chagrin—Gains at length the Secret from him—Acquaints him with an Anecdote, which gratifies Dick's Spleen. The rapid Success of Dick's Nostrum—Receives his Fee, and continues his Journey—An Accident which happens to a great Foxhunter furnishes him with an Opportunity of shewing his Skill in Pblebotomy—The Squire's Ingratitude—Dick sells his Horse, and takes a Place in the Chester Stage—The Conversation of the Passengers—Some Outlines of their Characters—An uncommon Adventure at an Inn—Dick's good Fortune with Belvidera.

THE Disappointment Dick met with from the Parson's *pseudo* Charity, had a good deal mortified him: And upon his Return to the Inn, his Host perceived, by his Dejection of Spirits, that something had happened to displease him; and having by this time a high Opinion of our young *Galen*, whose Applications had already given him considerable Ease, he was very inquisitive into the Cause of *Dick's* Melancholy; in regard to which our Hero at first evaded satisfying him; but being more and more pressed to reveal the Burthen of his Mind, he at length frankly told him what had passed between him and the Parson; which furnished the Landlord with an Opportunity of commenting upon his *Hypocrisy* and *Avarice*, which were so well known in the Neighbourhood, that his Pretensions to Charity and Benevolence were a standing Jest in the Parish, ever since a Parishioner, whose Father had been principally instrumental in procuring him the Curacy, actually perished for Want at his Door, where he had been supplicating Alms for some Hours,

the very Day he had preached a favourite Sermon of his upon Charity and Beneficence.

This Anecdote did not a little gratify *Dick's* Spleen, which had been immoderately irritated from the Behaviour of the Ecclesiastic; and the Agreement he now entered into with the Landlord to lodge and board *gratis*, and receive a Guinea upon perfecting the Cure, did not a little alleviate his Anxiety. - Our Hero, who was at this time unskilled in the Chicanery of Physic, and did not practise the usual Method of prolonging a Cure, in order to fleece his Patient, gave his Landlord such speedy Relief, that in less than Ten Days he acknowledged he already looked upon himself as cured, and that he should fulfil his Agreement; which he did, by giving *Dick* the promised Fee, saying, he was certain if he left some of the Medicines he had already administered to him, he had no Occasion to detain him from any other Business he might have elsewhere.

Flushed with this early Success, and animated with this considerable Addition to his Fund, our Hero having taken Leave of his Host, and heartily cursed the Parson, resumed his Journey towards the Capital. *Dick* had passed two Stages, and put up at as many different Inns, when he found his Cash, even in its aggregate State, would last him but a very short Time; and though he had at first resolved to *fast* his Way up to *London*, he began to find he had made no small Mistake in the Computation of the Extent of his Journey, and the Flexibility of his Appetite: So that *Dick's* Vanity was not a little mortified in discovering he was so very bad a Geographer, and so very erroneous a Philosopher.

Whilst *Dick* was thus jogging on, and ruminating upon his Ignorance, an Accident happened,
much

much to our Hero's present Satisfaction. A neighbouring Squire, who was a celebrated Foxhunter, and had been all the Morning the foremost in the Chase, was thrown from his Horse in leaping a Six-bar Gate. *Dick* came up to him very opportunely, and having performed Phlebotomy on him, he accompanied him to his House, which was a few Miles distant, where *Dick* was intreated to pass a Day or two, and with which he readily complied. The Squire soon recovered from the Hurt he had received by the Fall, and heaped many Compliments upon *Dick's* Skill and Abilities, which by-the-bye was all the Recompence he received; so that at the End of three Days he took his Leave of the Squire, and renewed his Journey without being a Farthing the richer for the Advice and Attendance he had given this celebrated Foxhunter.

The nearer *Dick* approached the Capital, the nearer he came to the Bottom of his Pocket, and finding that his *Queen Ann's* Shilling was now become the Sum total of his Stock, it was Time to think of some Expedient for raising the necessary Supplies for the Turnpike Road to *London*. *Dick* would hit upon no other Project than the Sale of his Horse, resolving to walk the Rest of the Way up to Town: But there were two very material Objections, which did not then occur to him.—The first was the Want of a Purchaser, and the second that he was one hundred Miles W. N. W. of the Meridian of *London*. However, the first was presently removed by his Landlord's agreeing to give him Forty Shillings for his Beast, *though he had no Manner of Occasion for him*; and his Plan of Travelling was changed by the Information he received of the real Distance of the Capital, and the Arrival of the *Chester* Stage with a vacant Place.

Dick looked upon this as a lucky Event, and

though he stood out lustily for some Time to have the Forty Shillings transmuted into Gold, when the Coach was upon the Point of departing, his Resolution failed him, and he took the Money and the vacant Place.

Our Hero now considered his Fortune as already made, that is, that nothing could prevent his getting to *London*, but the breaking down of the Coach, or the Death of the Driver; so that he presently began to contemplate the Company he had got into, and soon joined in Conversation.

Among his fellow Travellers the first who attracted his Attention was a tall raw-boned Figure, with a shabby laced Coat and a Cue Wig, who broke Silence, with, "Upon my Shoul now, this
 " Scoundrel of a Coachman *flies* so very *slow*, that,
 " by *Jasus*, I believe I shall be in Town a Week
 " later than I arrive; and if Mr. *Mac Connor*, the
 " *Irish* Banker, is gone over to *Cales* before I see
 " him, I question whether I shall see him till he
 " comes back, and so shall lose the Opportunity of
 " receiving 500 *l.* which I paid to myself in *Dub-*
 " *lin*, that I might receive it in *London*."—"I pre-
 " sume, Sir, said *Dick*, that you are an *Irish* Gen-
 " tleman." "Upon my Shoul, Sir, now you are
 " quite out; you may see by my talking, that I
 " could never get at the Brogue in all my
 " Life, though I've lived in *Ireland* ever since
 " I was born.—Not at all—I am an *Englishman*,
 " I can assure you, Sir—I've only been t'other Side
 " of the Water for a little Amusement, and to see
 " my Relations, who are all *Englishmen* as well as
 " myself. My Father, Sir, was Knight of the
 " Shire for—bo, bo, bo—how do you call the
 " County where *London* stands?"—"Middlesex,
 " Sir, I believe you mean, said *Dick*." "Ay, by
 " my Shoul, you are very right; I mean *Middle-*
 " *Essex*."

“ *Essex*. He served in four Parliaments, and was
 “ offered a Place at Court, but upon my Shoul
 “ now he refused it, though they would have sent
 “ him over Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and you
 “ know that was his own Country.”

By this Time a meagre Figure, who sat next to
Dick, and who, by the various Agitations of his
 Shoulders and Features, testified no small Disgust
 at the *Hibernian's* Rhapsody, interrupted him. “ Qui
 “ est ce que c'est toutes ces sottises, qui'l nous dit ;
 “ j'ai été au service pendant plus de dix ans—j'ai ser-
 “ vi en *Allemagne*—à l' *Amerique*—aux *Indes*—et
 “ pardi partout, et je ne fais pas un tapage com-
 “ me cela !”

Mr. *O'Galligan* (which they afterwards found
 was the first Orator's Name) resumed with, “ 'Pon
 “ my Shoul now, no Body understands you, you
 “ may as we well talk *Araback*.” “ No Body un-
 “ derstand me (replied the *Frenchman* abruptly) den
 “ you must be all des ignorans, des barbares, des
 “ *Iroquois* ; not onderstand de Langae universelle,
 “ which be spoke all over de Verld, in all de Courts
 “ of *Europe*, et que diantre—you pretend to be de
 “ Gentilman and no onderstand de *French* !”

“ O Sir (said *O'Galligan*) if you call my Gen-
 “ tility in question, upon my Shoul you call my
 “ Life too in question ; and look you here (drawing
 “ a Pistol out of his Pocket) I shall insist upon
 “ Satisfaction if you do not swallow your Words
 “ faster than you can ate them.”

“ You want de Satisfaction of me (the *French-*
 “ *man* answered) by Gar, I am very ready to give
 “ it you, for though I have been oblige to leave *ma*
 “ *Patrie* for an *Affaire d'Honneur*, I can teach de
 “ *Englis* a littel Politesse with de Point of my
 “ Sword.”

“ Poh, poh [cried O’Galligan) what is your Affair d’Honneur as you call it, perhaps killing a Man or two at most ; why I have left five at a Time sprawling before the Fire at *Lucas’s*.”

This extravagant Rhodomontade set them all a laughing ; and the female fellow Passenger, who had not till now opened her Mouth, entered into Conversation, which diverted the Combatants from coming to such Extremities as there was some Reason to apprehend from the warm Manner in which they argued, and their own modest Accounts of their Feats of Bravery.

They soon discovered that she was an Actress, and was returning from the *Dublin* Theatre, where her Expectations had been disappointed, the tall Manager being in Arrears with most of his Performers, so that having had her Benefit, she was making the best of her Way to *London*, in hopes of being engaged for the ensuing Season, notwithstanding the solemn Agreements entered into by the Managers of both the Theatres of not employing ever after any that should desert the *English* Banner.

Belvidera, for it was in this Character she generally figured, had gained some Applause upon the *Dublin* Theatre, as well from her Merit as an Actress, as from her Beauty as a Woman ; and she had therefore the greater Hopes of succeeding in *London*, where she had before received some Overtures of an advantageous Nature from a Nobleman of the first Rank. All these Talents, Charms, and Hints uniting together to attract the Attention of her fellow Travellers, every one endeavoured to particularly demonstrate his Assiduity ; and of course she travelled at free Cost, though in all Appearance she was the most able of the four to bear the Expence.

Being

Being arrived at the Inn where they were to pass the Night, the *Frenchman* very politely desired her to order Supper, and begged as they had made but an indifferent flying Dinner, she would consider, as they do in *France*, that Supper should always be looked upon as the best Meal. A visible Change of Countenance appeared in the *Hibernian Hero* as well as *Dick*, at this earnest Request, yet they endeavoured to hide the Emotion it gave them, and with a forced Complaisance seconded the Desire. The Lady was easily persuaded to go into the Kitchen and order as good a Supper as the House could afford.

At Supper the *Frenchman* sung a little Air of his own composing, nor was *Teague* behind hand with him, for he roared out a *Tipperary* Catch with such Vociferousness that he alarmed the Neighbourhood; and *Dick* in turn was compelled to sing. It may be imagined *Belvidera* was not passed unnoticed: she assisted in the Concert; and every one seemed to vie with each other in being as agreeable as possible.

The Hour of Retirement now approached, and they were shewn to their respective Apartments. *Dick's* Spirits were greatly exhilarated with Wine, and the sparkling Eyes of *Belvidera* had received fresh Lustre from the circulating Glafs: Carrot *Kate's* most enticing Charms were all eclipsed by Comparison,

And then she could talk,
Good Gods! how she could talk!

Such a rapid Revolution of Ideas naturally centered in Nature, and the Blood of King *Edgar* began to glow in every Vein. *Dick* was by this Time undressed all to his Breeches, and in endeavouring to divest

divest himself of these, such a powerful Advocate pleaded the Cause of Love, that he no longer hesitated taking a Resolution of repairing to the Lady's Bed-chamber.

He had wished her Good-night upon the very Threshold, so that had not even natural Sympathy attracted him to the Spot, he could easily have discovered it without inquiring.

Dick had explored his Way half the Extent of the Gallery, when he laid his Hand upon something animate, which in a faltering Voice cried out, *Eb ! diantre, est cequ'il ya des revenus ici ?* and he had not gone two Paces farther before he ran full butt against another Being, who exclaimed with somewhat more Emphasis, "By *St. Patrick*, "I believe the House is haunted." *Dick* knew the Voice too well to suspect his being aught but Flesh and Blood upon a very carnal Errand ; so that he stepped of one Side and got to his *Dulcinea's* Door just as the two peripatetic Lovers began to jostle in the Dark.

The *Frenchman* in groping his Way had hit the *Irishman* a Slap on the Face, who returned the Compliment with a Blow of the double Fist that brought *Monsieur* to the Ground, and not being contented with this Satisfaction, excited, perhaps, partly by a Fragment of their former Altercation, and partly by Jealousy, he redoubled his Blow, till *Monsieur*, by the repeated Cry of *Murder ! de Teeves !—me shall be kill ! O Misericorde !* brought the Chamberlain and half a dozen others with Lights to his Assistance ; when he was found in a most lamentable Situation, the Blood streaming from his Nose, his Eyes sealed up, and, oh Grief of Grievs, both his sham Ruffle Sleeves torn from his Flannel half Shirt.

Belvidera's Curiosity had not been less excited than

than that of the other Lodgers in the Inn, so that she had run out in her Shift to see what was the Cause of all this Outcry. In the mean while *Dick* slipped into her Room, and when she returned and fastened herself in, she found she had imprisoned more than one. She seemed at first greatly displeased with the Liberty he had taken, and was going to call for Assistance, upon his not complying with her Orders of quitting instantly her Chamber; but, as great a Rustic as *Dick* was, he found the Means of appeasing her Wrath, and by Degrees so far gained upon her Inclinations as at length to obtain a tacit Permission, of reposing upon the same Pillow with her that Night.

The *Hibernian*, having washed his Hands of *Gallic* Blood, repaired to *Belvidera's* Door, and having rapt, without any Notice being taken, as she was at present somewhat more importantly engaged, he cried in a pretty loud Whisper through the Key-hole, "'Pon my Shoul now, if you're asleep I wonder you do not hear me." She had just recovered her Senses from an agreeable Reverie when these Words were uttered, which occasioned both her and *Dick* to burst into so loud a Laugh, as might have convinced any but the *Hibernian* Hero, that his desired Post was already filled; but he, so completely intent upon his Design, never thought of listening to the inward Voices. *Belvidera* now asked him what he wanted? To this he replied, *to tread upon that precious Foot that trod upon mine about an Hour ago*. Imagining that such Declarations might induce her present Bed-mate to image more Familiarities had passed between her and the *Irishman* than really had, she told him, with some Emotion, *If he did not immediately depart she would call for Help, as she knew nothing of him, and imagined he was a Robber*. This Declaration, joined to her ringing the Bell with no little Violence, determined the *Hibernian* Swain.

Swain to make a very precipitate Retreat, and left *Dick* in the Possession of all her Charms.

Dick prudently regained his own Bed as soon as it was Day light, and when the four fellow Travellers were summoned to Breakfast, none would have suspected that they had all been such capital Actors in such different Scenes, had not the *Frenchman's* black Eyes so particularly bore Witness against him. However he was easily prevailed upon to shake Hands with Mr. *O'Galligan*, and in looking in the Glass made no other Remonstrance than, *Eh ! voila la politesse Angloise.*

They were after a short Breakfast replaced in the Stage, and Mirth and good Humour seemed to reign in every Countenance but the *Frenchman's*, who, in despite of all his national Vivacity and Frivolity, could not surmount the Drubbing he had met with the preceding Night, saying a Thrust through the Body would not have half so much affected him, but that it was so ignoble, and so debasing to a Man of Quality to appear in the Metropolis with such Marks of Barbarism about him, that he must be obliged to take a Lodging in some obscure Cottage till he had recovered his usual Appearance.

As to *Belvidera*, having a Design to pay a Visit to her Mother who resided at *Northampton* she took a Post-Chaise at *Chipping-Norton* in order to cross the Country; but not without having made many Protestations of Affection to *Dick*, and given him her Direction when she should be in Town.

C H A P. VIII.

Some geographical and typographical Remarks upon the Situation of London. Dick's Arrival there; the Reception he meets with at the Inn, and the Knowledge he obtains. The Prospect which opens to his View, and the Opportunity which presents itself of lolling in his Chariot.

LONDON is most certainly the Metropolis of England; Gordon, Salmon, Echard, and a thousand other Geographers have said so, and I believe no Man in his Senses will dispute it: This Metropolis then, the Emporium of Trade—the Center of Riches—the Point of Gravitation of Wit and good Sense—the Standard of Taste—the Essence of Politeness—the Manufactory of Beauty and the Bane of Chastity, had naturally and sensibly struck Dick's Mind for some Time. His Abilities (*to himself*) were unquestionable: He understood the Classics better than his Uncle: And he had most undoubtedly got Kate with Child. It is true she was not of a cold Constitution, and had not a little assisted in the Ground-Work of the Fabrication. Moreover, he had by the most direct Ties of Consanguinity, united the royal Blood of the Swallows with the fair, the charming, the chaste (no not chaste) the heroic, the spouting *Belvidera*. Add to this, Dick did not hold it either Treason or Mispri-son of Treason (no not even to King *Edgar*, from whom he was lineally descended) *to look in a Glass*. He had for some time perceived a very penetrating Eye, a very languishing Look, a very well-turned Leg, an extreme soft Hand, and, above all, a broad Pair of Shoulders. Dick's Complexion had pleased himself; he had but a very small Tincture of the Clyster-

Clyster-pipe Hue; he was ruddy, his Hair inclinable to the sandy, somewhat (at times) approximating to *Kate's* Carrots and *Belvidera's* Jet: But this he had learned to rectify with a black Lead Comb, and brought it always on a *Sunday*, to a tolerable Brown.

These may be looked upon as the fundamental Principles of Coxcombism in *Denbighshire, North Wales*: No such Thing—*Dick* had as much of the Rustic in him as Parsons or their Sons for the Generality have. He never dared ogle the Girls at Church, and he had never attempted an Intrigue with any but *Kate* in *Wrexham*. But let it not be imagined that his Ideas were naturally confined to so humble a Sphere. We see they already begin to expand, and as he approaches the Capital, his Notions refine, his Passions purify, his Sentiments elucidate; how surprising yet easy the Transition from *Kate* to *Belvidera*. So that though *Dick* was no Coxcomb in *Denbigh* (save the black Lead Comb) he was not without Hopes of being a Fop in *London*. He had, with amiable Ambition, heard of the thriving State of Physic in the Capital, where Medicines are taken rather as Preventatives than Remedies. He had heard of Doctors lolling in their Chariots, taking their golden Fees, keeping their Mistresses, and being paid by Duchesses, not for either Emetics or Cathartics, but *pure Injections*. At *Wrexham* he was acquainted with the Power of these Applications: He knew, or he thought he knew, the best Method of administering them. *Dick* was therefore not without Hopes of keeping his Vehicle, and driving into the *Porte-cochere* of every *disposed*, or *indisposed* Dowager of Rank, the first Week of his Arrival in Town.

How vain are human Hopes! how ridiculous our most promising Expectations! how contemptible
our

our most elaborate Schemes! *Dick* came to Town literally at the wrong End of it: He arrived in *Whitechapel*, with *seven Pence three Farthings* STERLING, in his Pocket.

It was between Ten and Eleven o'Clock at Night, and having no Recommendation in Town, he necessarily put up at the Inn where he alighted. The next Morning he rose early, and calling for the Chamberlain, threw down his capital Piece of Specie for the Payment of his Lodging: But what was his Surprize, when he was informed he must add another similar Piece to it before he could obtain his Dismission. He informed the Chamberlain, with a faltering Voice, he had no more Money in the World except seven Farthings, which he produced, and which he would willingly have given him to have appeased his Wrath, which began ere now to be very visible and discernible in his Looks: However, espying his Portmanteau upon the Chair, he softened his Tone, enquiring if he had no Friend whom he could send to for Assistance, to which *Dick* very innocently and truly replied in the Negative. "Why then, continued the Chamberlain, keeping his Eye upon the Portmanteau, you must even make some Money, which many as good a Gentleman as yourself has been obliged to do before now." "Make Money (answered *Dick*) with all the Ignorance and Simplicity in the World—Why that's a hanging Matter, and I'm surprized you can advise me to do it in such a barefaced Manner."

"Pshaw (replied the Chamberlain) I perceive you do not understand me: I don't mean you should coin, young Man, but I suppose you have got something of Value with you that you may pledge for more than you will have Occasion for at this Juncture."

Dick

Dick by this time began to comprehend him, and having opened his Portmanteau, the Chamberlain told him, "one of those Shirts would procure him three or four Shillings, and if he would intrust him with it, he would return with the Money in an Instant." This gave *Dick* infinite Consolation, and he would have pressed two Shirts upon the Chamberlain instead of one, had he not repeatedly told him one would be sufficient.

The Chamberlain returned in five Minutes, and brought him Five Shillings, and a little Ticket, which was *Arabic* to our Hero; but the whole Mystery was soon explained, and the Facility of raising Money appeared so agreeable and easy, that he ordered a Breakfast upon the Strength of it, and, Moth-like fairly eat out his Shirt, before he departed from the Inn.

He had received such ample Instructions concerning the obtaining of future Sums upon the Residue of his small Wardrobe, that he soon and easily made a Conveyance of it from his *Uncle's* at *Wrexham* to his *Uncle's* in *London*.

But before we have reduced *Dick* to his last Shirt, and his only Coat, we must take Notice what Adventures he met with in the Expenditure of this usurious Capital, and whether he stood any Chance of establishing himself pharmatically or medically in the good Graces of the Ladies.

Dick had already been three Weeks in *London*, and he did not yet keep his Coach, no not so much as a Post-Chaise, or a one Horse Chair; he had not yet, with all his Abilities, or with all his Industry, raised a single Guinea.

CHAP. IX.

The Acquaintance Dick makes at the Inn. A Description of a Covent-Garden Frolic—Some Account of the Ben Johnson's Head. His new Friends Generosity—it is accounted for. They discover themselves to be Highwaymen, and prevail upon Dick to promise engaging in Partnership. Dick is upon the Point of entering into Commerce, when an unforeseen Accident makes him break off his Connexions, and resolve to return to Wrexham.

WHILST Dick was at Supper at the Inn in *Whitechapel*, two young Fellows, just alighted from their Horses, booted and spurred, came into the Room where he was, and having called for a Shilling's Worth of Punch, drank to *Dick*, and intreated him to drink with them. Their Appearance was so genteel, and their Conversation appeared to him so enlivened, that he readily concluded they were Men of Fortune, and gladly embraced the Opportunity of engaging with such good Company. After three or four Bowls were exhausted, as well as the Toasts of all the celebrated Women of Pleasure about *Covent-Garden*, they proposed calling a Coach to beat the Rounds, and invited *Dick* to be of the Party. *Dick's* Ignorance now demonstrated itself more than ever, and he was obliged to acknowledge that having been but a few Days in Town, he was quite unacquainted with the Methods of it. They told him they should soon shew him the World; and a Coach being called, it was ordered to *Covent-Garden*.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock when they set forward from *Whitechapel*, so that they did not arrive in the Center of Frolic and Debauchery till the

the Hour of Noise and Riot. They first repaired to *Bob Derry's*, where having drank a Bottle of *Rhenish*, and looked at all the Girls who were there, they thought it prudent to retire early, as it was Search-Night, and a Visit from the Constables was expected. This did not, however, prevent their paying their Respects to Mrs. *Weatherby*, and the two Bucks thinking themselves in more Security here, and finding many of their old Acquaintance, particularly of the Female Sex, the Bowls began to circulate, *Dick's* Eyes to sparkle, and his Hands to find some other Occupation, than beating Time to the Harmony of *Ben Johnson's Head*. By this it may be concluded that *Dick* had selected an Enamorata, to whom he was saying all the tender things that he had learnt in *Wales*, and, in truth, he had so far gained his Point, that his Dulcinea had agreed to retire with him, when lo! her Lover of the Afternoon, whom she did not expect to have met, laid Claim to her for the Evening. Upon which a Dispute arose between Captain *Firebrand* and *Dick*, and Words running high with the Ferment of Punch, it was agreed to decide it in an athletic Manner. *Dick's* natural Strength and unimpaired Constitution foretold Victory on his Side, against the worn-out debilitated Corse of our Copper Captain; but *Firebrand*, who had ruined not only his Constitution, but also his Fortune in the Service of the Ladies of the *Garden*, had secured all the Females present for his Seconds; so that *Dick*, whose Companions were in the Fore-Room, and unacquainted with what passed backwards upon the gladiating Theatre, had not only the Captain to encounter, but all the Whores of *St. Paul's Covent-Garden*. The Event of so unequal a Combat may easily be judged; for though *Dick*, who would fain have introduced his own Country Way of Fighting,

Fighting, and kicked and cuffed as long as he could, was not allowed to strike his Antagonist when down, as he found they all cried out, that was foul Play, he was no sooner thrown, than the Captain pummelled him, and the Women scratched his Face and pulled his Hair.

Dick was nevertheless able to hold out against all these Assailants for near fifteen Minutes, when his two Companions coming to his Assistance, and letting him have *fair Play*, the Captain was presently compelled to give out, though not before *Dick* had received a black Eye, and a Contusion upon his Head.

The first Object of the Quarrel might now easily have been dispensed with by either of the Champions, as a Cataplasm to their Heads was now become much more necessary than any Application elsewhere; but the Fervor of *Dick's Welsh* Blood was not yet abated, so *Dick* and his two Companions carried off each of them his *Dulcinea* in Triumph.

They repaired to *Haddocks's*, and having drank a Couple of Bottles of burnt Champagne, they separated according to their different Allotments. We shall pass over the remaining Conflict of the Night, as the Rites of *Venus* are of too mysterious a Nature to be unravelled in the historic Page. *Dick* was summoned to Breakfast, and after partaking of this Repast, a Bill was called, the Contents of which so terrified our Hero, that the Change of his Countenance was visible to all the Company. He took the first Opportunity of calling one of his Companions aside, when he acquainted him, that he had only a few Shillings in his Pocket, and that he found almost as many Pounds would be requisite to pay the Bill. The Buck told him to make himself easy, as they would defray the Expence of the House,

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House, which they accordingly did, and slipped a Guinea into his Hand for him to present his Dulcinea with. The Sight and Feel of this enchanting Metal so far captivated him, that he was lost to all Sense of his Enamorata's Charms, and fancied he discovered more intrinsic Beauty in Queen Ann, though dead near forty Years, than all the living Venus's of the Garden could call to their Assistance. In a Word, he was very loth to part with the Guinea upon such an Occasion, and it was not till his new Friends had twice enquired whether he had made the Present, that he was prevailed upon to pay her that Compliment.

Dick began to entertain a very high Opinion of his Friends Generosity and Disinterestedness, especially as they had given him an Invitation to dine upon a Haunch of Venison at the *Bedford Arms*, though they were sensible he had little or no Money. However their Kindness soon developed itself after Dinner, when having desired Dick to inform them of the real State of his Affairs, which he did, they acquainted him that they had been just in the same Situation as himself the Day before, but that a Change of Fortune had made them worth a Hundred a-piece; in saying which they threw their Purse upon the Table, and one of them drawing a Pocket-pistol, sung the Song in the Beggar's Opera.

Do you bear the Sound of Coaches?

Hark how the Attack approaches, &c.

" This, my Lad, continued he (pointing to the
 " Ball) is the true Philosopher's Stone. Courage
 " and Resolution are the only Things to carry a
 " Man through the World. Who would want
 " Money, pine and languish in Distress, when
 " three

“ three Words may make a Man’s Fortune ?—
 “ *Stand and deliver*, is my Motto.”

Dick looked aghast, turned pale, and was visibly terrified at the Tenor of this whole Discourse ; but a Bumper or two extraordinary wrought a wonderful Change in his Sentiments. The Sight of so much Gold, and the apparent Facility of obtaining it, made him consider a Pistol as one of the most expeditious Conveyances of Property *out of the Law* ; and upon a Promise of being furnished with a Pair, he agreed to set out with them the End of the Week, to recruit their Finances ; till which Time one general Fund was to support them.

Our Hero removed the Remainder of his Wardrobe from the *Whitechapel* Inn, to a genteel Lodging which was taken for him near *Covent-Garden*. He was equipped in *Monmouth-Street* with a blue Coat embroidered with Gold, and a laced Waistcoat ; as to Silk Stockings and a smart laced Hat, those he was furnished with by his two enterprising Friends.

Dick now strutted a Beau at large ; he never missed the Park of a Morning, the Play of an Evening, *Weatherby’s* and *Bob Derry’s* at Midnight, or ever failed finding himself in the Arms of a Dulcinea at *Gould’s* or *Haddocks’s* in the Morning. He had forgot Pharmacy, Surgery, and Medicine, and scarce remembered that his Father was an honest Parson at *Wrexham*. In a Word, a continued Round of Debauchery, Riot, and Extravagance had for five Days so far dissipated every rational Thought from *Dick’s* Mind, that at the End of this Time he was very properly prepared to take the Road.

The Time of Action now approached ; for out of near two hundred Guineas, which the two *Mackbeaths*

beats had collected the last Week, they had not five Guineas left amongst them; so that they prepared their Arms, hired Horses, and laid down the Route they were all three to take on the *Saturday* Morning, in order to raise Supplies for the ensuing Week.

The Reader, doubtless, by this Time, imagines he may find our Hero's Life and Achievements amongst the Records of the *Old Bailey*: But in this he is mistaken, and he is desired to suspend so rash a Judgment upon *Dick Swallow*, till such Time as he hears the Sequel. He had as yet only taken his Degrees, he had not entered into Practice or received the Road Fee.

On the *Friday* Evening whilst he was waiting for his Friends at the *Bedford*, a Note was put into his Hand by a Bagnio Waiter to the following Effect:

“ Dear *Dick*,

“ By G—d, I'm taken——get out of the Way
“ as fast as you can.

“ Your's,

“ D. G.”

The Astonishment this threw *Dick* into is not to be expressed. It at once painted the critical Situation he was in, the Precipice he was hanging over, and the only possible Means of avoiding the same Fate. He immediately went to his Lodgings, discharged them, and having packed up his Effects, returned to his *Whitechapel* Inn, with the full Resolution of going back to *Wales* by the first Stage that set off.

CHAP. X.

The present Posture of Affairs at Denbigh. The first Discovery of Dick's Elopement. The Effect it has upon all the Family, but particularly Kate, who is inconsolable. The salutary Counsel she receives from Will. The disagreeable Situation Mr. Evans finds himself in. Intelligence arrives concerning Dick—Mr. Evans resolves upon a Journey to London, but is dissuaded from it by a very cogent Reason.

WHILST Dick was making these rapid Strides towards Promotion in London, let us see what was going on at *Wrexham*. The Family returned from Church, the Beef and Pudding upon the Table, Grace said, and Dick still absent: The Bell is in vain repeatedly rung—no *Richard* appears. A Messenger is sent to his Father's, who comes back without any Tidings of him. Presently the Reverend Mr. *Swallow* himself appears, and gives Information that his Mare has eloped as well as his Son. A general Hue and Cry now ensues. At length the Hand-basket is discovered, and conjectures begin to amount almost to a Proof of the real Event.

Though Dick's Father, Mother, Uncle, Aunt, and all their Families are in the utmost Consternation on Account of Dick's Elopement, the Grief of no one is so visibly depicted in any Countenance as in that of Kate's: Her Belly now almost up to her Chin, with swollen Eyes and chagrined Air, to every one she laments the loss of a Father. In the Midst of these mournful Reflections she meets with some Consolation from honest (shall we call him honest?) *Will* a neighbouring Farmer's Son. Now,

whether *Will* actually had or had not a Finger in the Pye, and was apprehensive she might adopt him for a Father, or whether from his Knowledge of Husbandry he knew a Barn was scarce ever so full that a skilful Hand might not thresh in it, and was willing that *Kate* should be useful as long as she was able, and should have Pennyworths for her Penny, as the Reckoning was already paid, we shall not pretend to determine: These are but Conjectures: *Will* either had or had not his Reasons for what he did; but we are inclined to think he had. Be this as it may: Says he to *Kate*, one Day when she was making her melancholy Complaints to him, "Thou Fool, what does it matter " who got the Barn; look to him who can best " keep it; if Nephew won't, Uncle must."

Kate took the Hint, and not without Reason; for it is certain that Mr. *Evans* had inspected at least; what Applications he had made *Kate* best knew; it is plain she thought them sufficient to clear her Conscience from the Crime of Perjury—she swore the Child to her Master.

Wrexham was now in a greater Consternation than ever. "What, has the old Codger been " fumbling?" cried one. "Ay, ay, said another, " Clysters are dangerous Remedies, especially " when applied in the Dark." "Mistakes have " been made by more experienced Practitioners " than he," cries a third. But if his Neighbours were thus jocular upon him, he met with no such Raillery at Home; here it was a very serious Affair. Mrs. *Evans* could see as far into a Mill-stone as another, especially when the Hole was wide enough. "She did not wonder her Husband had " the Rheumatism when he lay with her—the " Cloaths tumbled off though they were tucked in " on every Side; but *Kate* kept him warm enough. " She

“ She was not surprized she had not been pregnant
 “ these ten Years, though she was but fifty-five in
 “ Fact, and reckoned forty only.—No, he must
 “ have a young Wench. Had he performed Fa-
 “ mily Duty as he ought, his Vigour would have
 “ turned out an Honour to him instead of a Dis-
 “ grace.—Had she been with Child instead of *Kate*,
 “ ten Pounds might have been saved, and no one
 “ dared to have said she had a grey Hair in her
 “ Head. But now, forsooth, here’s the Money,
 “ and *every Thing* lost.”

Mr. *Evans* was obliged to turn upon his Heel on these occasions, and leave her pregnant, at least, with these fruitful Ideas, to bring forth at Leisure; but he had no sooner got in the Street than the arch Boys, pointing at him, cried, *There he goes*: Did he take Shelter at a Patient’s House, before he felt her Pulse, she began to feel his, and enquire how *Kate* did, and whether he had heard any Thing of his Nephew yet: At the Club, he was scarce entered ere *Prosperity to Basket-making* immediately went round. Thus pestered, hampered, and ridiculed on every Side, poor Mr. *Evans* could find no Refuge, no Asylum, no Sanctuary, and had he not received such orthodox Notions, and imbibed such truly religious Sentiments in his Youth, which he had ever continued nurturing, even to this Hour, notwithstanding this pretended *Slip* with *Kate* was alledged against him, and above all had his Brother not been a Clergyman, whose Character he was particularly tenacious of as well as that of his Family, he certainly would have taken the shortest Road to Heaven, or——.

We are too polite to mention the Alternative, as we know not what Reader’s Hands this Work may fall into; and as we have been brought up at St.

James's, where the latter Doctrine is exploded, we should not chuse to offend the most delicate Eye.

Things were at this Crisis at *Wrexham*. *Dick* with his Father's Mare lost or strayed, *Kate* ready to drop to Pieces, Uncle ready to hang himself, and Aunt ready to try prolific Experiments out of Revenge, at Fifty-five; when Father's Mare returned with the Exciseman from *Bath*, having purchased it of the Landlord of an Inn upon the Road, his own Horse falling lame, and brought Intelligence that *Dick* had gone forward in the Machine to *London*.

The Reverend Mr. *Swallow*, who had informed himself of these Particulars, together with the Money *Dick* had received for his Mare, and considering what a Fund his Son could possibly arrive in *London* with, and how expensive a Place this Metropolis is, having resided here some few Years; all these Reflections induced him to write to a Friend in Town to make Search after *Dick*, and furnish him with such small Sums as he might have Occasion for, in order to induce him to return to *Wrexham*; or if he was obstinately bent upon remaining, to endeavour at procuring him a Place, in Quality of a Journeyman Apothecary, till such Time as something better could be done for him.

Mr. *Evans* was no sooner advised of *Dick's* being absolutely gone to *London*, than he formed within himself the Project of repairing thither also, in order to induce his Nephew to return; and by promising him a general Reconciliation with his Family and Friends, to prevail upon him to take upon himself all the Blame of *Kate's* pregnant Venter. He had already engaged for a Horse to perform this Journey with, and had fixed upon the Day for setting out, when Mr. *Lindsey*, who was Steward to Lord *Clotterpate*, returned, after approaching within a hundred Yards of the Capital, having met upon
the

the new Road no less than three Persons who had just had the Small-Pox, and being at the same time informed there were two new Hospitals building for this Disorder, the honest Steward turned his Horse about, and never stopped till he got fifty Miles from London; for not having had that Disorder, and dreading it more than ever by Reason of the Advance of his Age and the Increase of his Riches, he prudently resolved to return to *Wrexham*, and remit to his Lordship his Rents by some other Conveyance.

Now, Mr. *Evans* had never had the Small-Pox, and though brought up to Physic, and therefore intitled to be acquainted with the Medicinal Preventatives of this Distemper, he nevertheless so little depended upon his Skill, that he did not choose to come within many Miles of any Place where this Disorder appeared; and this Reason alone, that is the Dread of catching the Small-Pox in *London*, prevented his Journey, which had appeared to him with so many promising Allurements of restoring his Reputation, and reconciling domestic Tranquillity.

C H A P. XI.

An Interview between Mr. Richard Swallow and his Father's London Correspondent. Gets a Place as a Journeyman Apothecary. Some Account of his Master and Mistress. Mr. Fillet becomes jealous of Dick—The Steps he takes to satisfy his Suspicions—their Success. Dick is turned away, and threatened with a Prosecution for Crim. Con. The just Reward of an Informer.

DICK, returned to the *Whitechapel* Inn, was looking over the News-papers, and meditating

ing the Fate of his Companions, when he was accosted by a Person who asked if his Name was *Swallow*? *Dick* trembled, looked pale, and with a faltering Voice asked, *what his Business was*, apprehending him to be a Constable who was in Search of him as an Accomplice to his heroic Friends. The Gentleman perceiving his Consternation, though unacquainted with the real Cause, told him he had no Reason to be under any Apprehensions, that he only came to pay him a friendly Visit at the Request of his Father the Reverend Mr. *Swallow*, and offer him any Assistance he might stand in Need of. This Information, in some Measure, removed *Dick's* Terrors, who was nevertheless a good deal astonished how his Father should know he was lodged at that Inn, and that he should send a Person to enquire for him there.

Dick's Panic being over, and the Alternative Proposal made him of either returning to *Wrexham*, or entering into Employment in Quality of an Apothecary's Journeyman, which Place his new Friend had already procured for him in Town, our Hero readily embraced the latter, and that very Evening waited upon his new Master, with a Recommendation.

He had not been long in this Situation before he had the Satisfaction to find his *Mackbeath* Friend was acquitted for Want of Evidence, so that his Apprehensions upon this Head were entirely removed, and he began to consider himself very well settled in a good Shop in a polite Part of the Town. *Dick's* Master had been in Business upwards of thirty Years, and had in the Course of that Time pharmaceutically and chymically extracted a very easy Fortune from his Patients Pockets, which, added to the Jointure of four Wives, who had successively embraced his Arms and those of Death, he was enabled

abled to keep a Chariot, and enjoy his Country Retreat without being guilty of any Extravagance. In his sixty-fourth Year he had taken, for better for worse, a young Lady in the Bloom of Youth, with out any other Fortune than her personal Charms. So great a Condescension, and such uncommon Generosity on the Side of Mr. *Fillet*, intitled him, in his Opinion, to all her Attention, to all her Regard: and without considering the Disparity of Years between sixty-four and twenty-two, he imagined his former *matrimonial* Character was sufficient to satisfy present connubial Devotion. Whether Mrs. *Fillet* was precisely of the same Way of thinking, we will not here endeavour to determine: It would be indecent to investigate too critically a Lady's Sentiments upon so delicate a Topic, especially as it might create some Jealousy on the Side of Mr. *Fillet*. We shall only observe at present, that Mrs. *Fillet* appeared more than usually in the Shop, and that *Dick* drank Tea with her when his Master was not at home.

Whether the Apprentice was envious of the Attention that was paid to *Dick* by his Mistress, and imagined he had an equal Right to be as much caressed, or whether he really had his Master's Honour at Heart, and conceived it was his Duty to prevent any Incursions being made upon the Territories of *Hymen*, thus much is certain, he did not fail to communicate to his Master what passed in his Absence. Mr. *Fillet*, who was not naturally of a jealous Disposition, was nevertheless a good deal nettled to think that his *Welsh* Cub, as he called him, should draw the least Regard from his Wife; yet as he had nothing to accuse her of, so he could make no Representations, but resolved, if possible, to discover if any Thing more material passed between Mrs. *Fillet* and *Dick* than mere Tea-table

Chat. To this End he engaged the Apprentice in Quality of a Spy, and promised him a handsome Recompence in case he made any notable Discoveries; and that no Time might be lost in arriving at them, if any were to be made, he was more frequently absent from Home, and at length finding no Intelligence of Consequence produced, he resolved upon a Week's Journey into *Northamptonshire*.

Dick had now frequent Opportunities of being with his Mistress. She most undoubtedly was in Want of Company in her Husband's Absence, and *Dick* out of pure Charity accepted of the Invitations which she now gave him, not only to drink Tea with her, but to dine, nay, even to sup with her. Every Post a Letter from the Apprentice furnished Mr. *Fillet* with an additional Meal that *Dick* had made with his Wife, and upon receiving Advice that he had for the first Time supped with her the Night before, he wrote back to his Emissary, "That the Iron was now hot, that Things would certainly soon come to an Upshot, that he must be more than commonly vigilant and attentive."

In this Manner did Mr. *Fillet* lay the Plan for his own Cuckoldom; he nurtured his Horns in the Hot-bed of Opportunity and Desire; no Wonder then if *Dick* and his Wife gathered the Fruits of his Industry, or fixed them upon a Head that seemed so emulous of wearing them.

Mrs. *Fillet* had already been married eighteen Months without being once pregnant in this double Period; nay, she questioned much whether a Revolution of as many additional Moons would make her a Mother, and the Dread and Apprehensions she had been pre-occupied with before her Marriage upon the uncommon Abilities of *Wife-killing* in Mr. *Fillet* were greatly abated: The Reports and Accusations of his Enemies upon this Score she,
ere

ere now, looked upon as entirely groundless, and very humanely concluded all his former Wives died natural Deaths. She had nevertheless some shrewd Suspicions that there were some Medicinal Preparations that might be of *mortal Efficacy*, without it being in the Power of the most skilful Anatomist to discover their having been administered. One Night when she and *Dick* were at Supper, she very innocently asked him, if he thought a Woman might be poisoned without any one knowing it? to which he shrewdly answered, *Most certainly, Madam, this has been the Case of many a Woman.* Her Curiosity being thus excited, she desired him to tell her what was the Preparation? To this he replied, there was nothing extraordinary in the Preparation, it was well known to many of the Faculty, though he believed Mr. *Fillet* was utterly ignorant of it. *Indeed, she resumed, then you do not imagine he made any Use of this Preparation in dispatching any of his former Wives? No, Madam, he answered, as far as I can find none of them died in Child-bed.* Mrs. *Fillet* took the Hint, and, colouring, fain would have changed the Topic of Conversation; but the Subject was too pleasant to *Dick* to be easily parted with, and he was just in the Humour to push it as far as possible.

The Apprentice was all this Time listening; he had caught every Syllable, and when from Theory they descended to Practice, he thought it was Time to apply his Eye to the Peep-hole, which he had purposely prepared in Expectation of such a Scene. He entirely forgot for some Minutes, so eager was his Attention, that his Master had ordered him to pull the Bell lustily as soon as he perceived Things were come to a Crisis. It was not till *Dick* had drank a Glass of Wine, Mrs. *Fillet* had resumed her usual modest Appearance, though her

Face still covered with Blushes, that *Jack* began to recollect, that *Mr. Fillet's* Fate, like many a Man's in a critical Situation, had depended upon the String which had hung over his Head. It was too late now to repent, his Master was a Cuckold, and there was nothing left but to inform him of it.

Jack set himself down to write immediately, the Post Bell still ringing at the Window; but he was a good deal embarrassed what to say, he would fain have come to the Point immediately, he began—
 “Sir, I have just now been an Eye-witness to”—
That won't do (he cried) there must be something of an Introduction—This is too abrupt, to tell a Man at once he is a Cuckold—Suppose I write the whole Conversation?—that will be more exasperating still—that will prove that he has brought it all upon himself, by his Impotence and Folly.—This must be the Way—
 “Sir, this Evening has crowned our Attention and
 “Researches with the desired Success.” *Jack* could get no farther; the Table began to crack, and he could not refrain from applying to the Peep-hole, where he perceived the *second Edition of Cuckoldom complete, with Additions and Illustrations—by a Lady.*

Before *Jack* could finish his Letter it was too late to send it by that Night's Post; so that *Dick* and his Mistress had a Respite of another Day before *Mr. Fillet's* Return to interrupt their mutual Felicity; and to do them both Justice, it must be acknowledged they made the best Use of their Time. *

No sooner had *Mr. Fillet* received *Jack's* Letter, than he set out Post for *London*, with a full Resolution of prosecuting *Dick* for *Crim. Con.* and obtaining a Divorce. He immediately discharged our Hero, at the same time intimating the Cause, and informing him that Things would not end here. *Dick* protested his Innocence—swore it was nothing but Malice on *Jack's* Part—that *Mrs. Fillet* was
 virtuous,

virtuous, and that he was no Cuckold. "How can you tell all this, you Rascal (said Mr. Fillet)?" Suppose you had not made me one, how can you tell nobody else has?" Dick acknowledged his Error, which was occasioned by his over Eagerness to vindicate Mrs. Fillet; and finding all his Remonstrances were in vain, and that the more he endeavoured to invalidate the Accusation, the more in fact he corroborated it, he packed up his Things and decamped.

Mr. Fillet was too full of Ire to pay his Wife a Visit at present; so that he ordered Jack to lock her up in her own Apartment till his Return from waiting upon her Father, whom he went to acquaint with all that had happened, and to consult with concerning his future Behaviour towards his Wife.

He found his Father-in-law all alone at Breakfast; and, after very little Ceremony, he disemboved his Mind to him, relating every Particular, from his first Suspicion, with its various Gradations, to the indubitable Proof. "Ay" (said Mr. Greenwood, who was his Father-in-law, upon his telling him the next Step he took was to give them more frequent Opportunities of being together) "that was very prudent, and truly Machiavelian."—*And then, Sir (resumed Mr. Fillet) resolving that either my Suspicions should be intirely removed, or that I should be convinced they were not groundless, I went into the Country for a Week—"Better still" (remarked Mr. Greenwood)—and left Jack my Apprentice to watch over them, and acquaint me with all the Discoveries be made—"Astonishing Foresight!" (cried Mr. Greenwood);—and at length be caught the Man, I tell you, in the very Fact; nay, not only once, but twice, ay, and in the same Evening.—"And "you are surprized at it (said Mr. Greenwood); you*
"ought

“ought to have been much more surprized if it
 “had not happened. You have cuckolded your-
 “self, and got your ‘Prentice to stand Pimp.”

Mr. Fillet finding he could get no other Satisfaction from his Father-in-law, he went home in the utmost Rage against *Jack*, and gave him a sound Drubbing for not ringing the Bell at the critical Minute. “What were you about, you Scoundrel, at that Time? Was it your Curiosity that prevented you, or how do I know but you may have enjoyed my Wife too at that very Moment? I say, why did not you ring the Bell?” To this Tune did *Jack* undergo a very severe Horse-whipping, which was the *bandsome Recompence* his Master had promised him in case he made any notable Discoveries.

But we must leave *Jack* to the Enjoyment of so meritorious a Reward as an Informer, and Mr. Fillet to the Contemplation of his Folly, to give an Eye to *Dick*, who is just hurried away unprovided with a Lodging, and who, if we do not look after him, may lie in the Street all Night.

CH A P. XII.

The Doubts of a Hero excited by his Fears. Some Reasons for resolving upon a longer Stay in London. Commences Spouter—His ill Success in that Capacity. Renews his Acquaintance with Belvidera—is disgusted at her Lukewarmness in his Cause. Makes Acquaintance with the minor Actors. The little Advantage he is likely to receive therefrom.

WHAT Step was now the most eligible for our Hero to take? He did not dare apply to his Father’s Friend who had recommended him to Mr. Fillet; there he imagined all his Disgrace had

had ere this been published. To write to his Father, in order to reconcile Affairs at *Wrexham*, he apprehended would be attended with many Inconveniencies. Young Mr. *Swallow* was by this Time in *esse*, and the Affair was too recent for him to hope re-appearing, without some Apprehensions of his Uncle carrying Matters to the greatest Lengths by Way of Revenge for the Loss of his Reputation in Point of Chastity: Besides he was of Opinion that *Kate* might be weak enough to recant her Deposition, notwithstanding her Oath, and he was ignorant what the Consequence in that Respect might be. Though perhaps his Fears upon this Head were rather impregnated by Fancy than the Offspring of Reality, yet as they were nurtured by Inclination and some other passionate Blandishments, it is not surprizing they appeared to him in their most formidable Dress. The Truth is, *Dick* had no Sort of Inclination to return to *Wales*: He had already given too great a Swing to his libertine Disposition, to adopt a recluse Life which would be rendered necessarily still more reserved by his former Slip; besides there was something that dazzled his Fancy on the Score of Mrs. *Fillet*. Such a Conquest appeared to him not the mere Effect of Accident and her Husband's Folly; he could discover no small Portion of Merit on his Side, which had determined her Election.

He had also learnt that the Dramatic Heroine with whom he had been so fortunate upon the Road from *Wales*, was arrived in Town, and was actually engaged at *Drury-lane* House. This created in him a Variety of thoughts which he endeavoured to turn to his Advantage: He at first conceived a Notion of coming himself upon the Stage, and prevailing upon her to recommend him to the Manager; and to this End he had already commenced a

Member

Member of a spouting Club near *Temple-Bar*, where he had attempted some of the principal Speeches in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Jaffier*, *Castalio*, *Chamont*, *Romeo*, and many other of the capital tragical Characters: But it must be owned the Applause he met with from the Rest of the Members of the Club, was so far from enhancing his Vanity upon this Score, that he had the Mortification to find that the strong *Welsh* Pronunciation he retained was objected to by them all, even by some *Scotch* and *Irish* Spouters, whose disagreeable Brogues *Dick* thought much worse than his own. His awkward Action was pronounced another Obstacle to his Success in the tragic Walk, and it was universally agreed that he would never tread the Stage with any Sort of Ease and Gracefulness.

It was not, however, till after repeated Attempts that *Dick* gave up all Hopes of succeeding as an Actor; and even then he considered the Stage as an Object that might be instrumental in making his Fortune, and his *Belvidera* he imagined might be the indirect Means of putting five or six hundred Pounds that Winter into his Pocket. On this Presumption he had no sooner found out where she lodged, than he waited upon her. She received him very politely, desired him to breakfast, and begged him to repeat his Visits, which Invitation he failed not to profit of, and in a few Days he acquainted her with the Plan of a new Comedy which he had sketched, the principal Part whereof he proposed writing for her. He had already put together some of the principal Speeches which he begged of her to repeat in order to find what Effect they would have when gracefully delivered. She indulged him with the Repetition, but at the same time observed, that though they contained an infinite Deal of Wit, and an immoderate Share of the

the *Vis Comica*, she was apprehensive she should never have the Honour of repeating them on the Stage, as she did not believe the Manager would ever let her play a capital Part in Comedy, her walk being chiefly confined to Tragedy. This Information did not a little disconcert *Dick* in the Plan of his Drama, as he had thrown together the Quintessence of all his bright Thoughts in this comic Dialogue, which made him the more sanguine for the Representation of his Piece: But he told her, if she could have Influence enough upon the Manager to get him to bring it on this Winter, he would not only make her a handsome Present *out of the Profits*, but would certainly write a Tragedy against the next Winter, the Heroine of which should be entirely adapted to her Powers, in order to display them to the greatest Advantage.

Notwithstanding these advantageous and flattering Proposals, *Belvidera* could not be prevailed upon to undertake the Commission, judiciously observing, "that the greatest Recommendation of the Piece
" would be its own Merit; and that though she
" were to give it the highest of Characters, Mr.
" G—— would certainly judge for himself, and
" that it would stand or fall by its own intrinsic
" Worth."

Though *Dick* could not help approving the Rectitude of her Observation, he was a good Deal disappointed in finding his *Belvidera* so lukewarm in his Cause: And though her personal Charms had hitherto compleatly triumphed over his Chastity, and he had sworn to her he thought her the finest and most accomplished Woman he ever met with, he began now to discern many Defects in her Person and Understanding: In the first Place, he discovered she was very illiterate, was not only ignorant of all the dead Languages, but frequently
made

made grammatical Mistakes even in the *English*; and looking over her Letters, he perceived she was not entirely faultless in Point of Orthography; and having scrutinized her mental Accomplishments, or rather Deficiencies, he now descended to her corporeal ones; that the Cast with her Eye, which he had hitherto considered as an amorous Leer, he could find out upon a closer Examination was an absolute Squint: That her Nose was somewhat awry, and too prominent; that her under Lip was extra-proportionably thicker than the upper; that her Teeth, though white, were not regular; that her Complexion, which he had hitherto considered as the *Brunette*, was swarthy; and that the Roses of her Cheeks were but artificial Flowers. Not content with the Analysis of her Face; her Neck, her Breasts, nay all her latent Charms, underwent the same investigation, and were all proportionably diminished in their Estimation. In a Word, the amiable, the lovely, the irresistible *Belvidera*, was become the insipid, disgusting nauseating Mrs. ———

Thus did the mental as well as corporeal Accomplishments of the Heroine fall a Victim to *Dick's* presumptuous Opinion of his own Talents. This presumptuous Opinion did not confine his Plan of Operations to her alone; he associated with most of the minor Players of both Theatres at their great Rendezvous in *Russel-Street*; Here he resorted almost every Evening, and soon acquired as good a Knack at Punning and Mimickry as any of the Imitators of *Foste* and *Wilkinson*. He attended all their theatrical Debates and Contests, and there was not the smallest Circumstance of Dramatic Scandal he was unacquainted with. When one Actor challenged another for an Insult, and he answered it like a true *Hibernian*, with telling him, "he would
" not

"not fight him, but he would break his Head
"wherever he met him," *Dick* enjoyed every
Comment that was made by every self-important
Actor upon so interesting a Subject.

But all these Disputes and Altercations never
brought *Dick* one Whit nearer the Object of his
Desires, and though he was in the Center of Action,
he was likely to remain as much an unconcerned
Spectator as ever.

CHAP. XIII.

Dick is taken in by Sharpers. The Discovery he afterwards makes. Some useful Knowledge very necessary for every young Gentleman who would not be cheated, and is not instructed in the gambling Mysteries of this Metropolis.

DICK strolling one Evening towards *Charing-Cross* (whilst his Plan of Operations still remained in this undetermined State) was attracted by the Number of Lamps which he perceived in a Bow Window in a Coffee-house up one Pair of Stairs: He went in, and found a Number of Persons whose anxious Countenances all denoted their Interest and Connexions with the various Turns of Fortune which here revolved. This was the Temple of that Goddess, who was worshipped under the Form of two Ivory Balls that rolled upon a Table covered with Green Cloth, and which were pushed backward and forward with certain shaped Sticks. It were needless, after this, to say this was a Billiard Room; *Dick* saw Bank Notes circulate, and Guineas incessantly fly across the Table: He had never discovered in himself an Itch for Play before, and he certainly would have been inticed to have partook of the Sport, if the State of his Pocket had
not

not prevented him. This Party soon ended, and a Person dressed like a military Man taking up a Mace, enquired if any one chose to play a Game; *Dick*, who had been reckoned a tolerable Proficient at this Game at *Denbigh*, accepted the Challenge, and they set to for a Shilling. Our Hero won the first five Games, without his Antagonist's ever getting above five or six of the Game. Notwithstanding this Disparity in their Play, his Antagonist was still desirous of increasing the Sum he played for: *Dick*, who had never won so much Money in his Life, though he had frequently conquered those who played with him for many a Gallon of *Welsh* Ale, was easily prevailed upon to double his Betts: he was still successful, and increased his Gain to twenty-five Shillings, when he was desirous of leaving off. A By-stander, who had lost nearly as many Pounds as *Dick* had won Shillings, broke out into an Exclamation which was quite unintelligible at this Time to *Dick*: By "G—d, Sir, said he (to " his Antagonist) you are able to give him six, if " you had a Mind to win." This Affelevation appeared very ridiculous to *Richard*, who could not conceive any one would lose his Money designedly: However, now playing for Half-a-Guinea each Game, our Hero found his Antagonist improved in his Play proportionably to the Sum he played for, and having lost three Games successively he threw down his Stick and would play no more. *Dick* found the Person who had lost his Money, and had discontinued betting against him for those last three Games, more outrageous than ever, and taking *Richard* aside, told him *if he had continued laying on, Things would not have taken that Turn*. But this had no Effect upon *Dick*, who still imagined that if he had continued playing on, Fortune would have favoured him again as much as it had at first: And

And in this Opinion *Dick* resolved to raise as much Cash as he possibly could, and return the next Night, which he accordingly did; and having renewed the Party, the Person who had backed him the Night before, and had won twenty-five Guineas thereby, advised him to play for five Guineas a Game and he would go in his Halves. Had *Dick* ventured upon such a Sum at first, and lost only one Game, it would nearly have exhausted his whole Capital, so that he could not, with all the Rhetoric that was used on the Side of his Backer, be prevailed upon to play for more than a Guinea, and this was upon Condition of his *Friend's* going half.

Dick was beat four Games successively, his Partner still applauding his great Play, and imputing their ill Success to bad Luck; at Length he found he had no more Money left, and he thought it was Time to discontinue. Our Hero was a good deal mortified at his Loss, and more especially as the Money had been produced by pledging his best Cloaths: however, he found that, notwithstanding his Misfortune, Nature required some Sustenance, and having eat nothing since Breakfast, it was necessary to repair to a neighbouring House, in order to gain some Refreshment. He was shewn into a Room, when having ordered a Beef-stake, he presently overheard his late Antagonists in the next Apartment, which was divided from that wherein he was only by a temporary Partition; and listening, he presently heard his pretended Friend and Partner in his Distresses, in very familiar Conversation with the Person who had won their Money. This greatly surprized him, as they had appeared entire Strangers to each other at the Billiard Table. *Dick's* Curiosity being thus doubly excited, he caught every Syllable that passed between them: He soon found that the Topic of
Con-

Conversation was neither more nor less than the Division of *his* Money—That his pretended Friend, after having received back what he had in Part paid his Antagonist, laid Claim to a Moiety of the five Guineas which *Dick* had actually lost; a Dispute arose hereupon, and the Division of twenty-five Guineas which were won by *Dick's* Antagonist's betting the Night before, was now brought upon the Carpet. The Person who won the Money pretended he had received but 20 Guineas; whereas the Loser had publicly declared his losing 25. This Controversy produced a Recapitulation of all their former Combinations; in which were enumerated many Stratagems they had used to take in young Fellows, by playing together in Quality of Strangers; one dropping into a Billiard-Room some Time after another, and betting with Bye-standers, who were sure to lose which ever Side they took, by making imaginary Wagers one with another, and prevailing upon a third Person to go Half with one them; whenever they lost by paying in Money short of Weight; by always pretending to be without Silver, in Case of losing a Bett, and thereby, in a Scarcity of Change, frequently avoiding the Payment; by sinking their Play when any Person unacquainted with it came in, and in this Manner imposing themselves upon him for bad Players, in order to obtain Odds, when they were able to give them; by referring any Dispute to each other, and by this Means being sure of a Decision in their Favour; by laying Wagers, and putting the Money into one of their Hands to hold Stakes, and afterwards by Quibble and Stratagem so perplexing the Argument as to render it impossible ever to be decided, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

Such

Such a Scene of Villainy was here laid open to Dick, that his Blood boiled with Ire and Revenge to make an Example of Two such Villains: But ignorant of the proper Method of bringing them to Justice, and unwilling to appear in the Character of an Informer, he was obliged to leave them still to prey upon the ignorant and unwary. He nevertheless wrote an anonymous Letter to a certain popular Magistrate, giving him Information of the Discovery he had made, with a Description of their Persons, and added the Names he had learned they went by. But this Letter had no Effect; and he had the Mortification to be informed, by a Person who was acquainted with the Justice, that he never paid any Attention to anonymous Informations.

C H A P. XIV.

*Dick makes Acquaintance with an Half-pay Officer—
Frequents genteel Ordinaries, and gets into good
Company. Some Characters (real or imaginary)
attempted by his Conductor.*

THOUGH Dick looked upon the Discovery he had just made as well worth the Money he had paid for it, yet the Draught was at present so ill-timed and inconvenient, that he would at this Juncture willingly have returned the Knowledge he had gained to have been repossessed of his Five Guineas, which he really stood in great Need of, and the more so, as the Quarrel which he had taken occasion to create with *Belvidera*, upon her Refusal to turn Agent in regard to his Embryo Comedy, had thrown him intirely upon his own Hands for Board and Maintenance; whereas before this Rupture he was a constant Guest at her Table, Breakfast, Dinner and Supper: And indeed, we
may

may look upon the Intrusions he made upon her Good-nature and Generosity so ill requited, as the first Step *Dick* took in his Career towards *Parasitism*.

Though he had lost the Produce of his best Coat at Billiards, he was still in Possession of a tolerable decent Suit ; and *Dick*, who picked up Maxims faster than he did Patients, “ was resolved to keep “ good Company as long as he was able ; *Tom* “ *Dapperwit* having always averred, that there “ was neither Honour nor Profit to be reaped “ from poor Folks.” To this End then *Dick* who took upon him a medicinal Title, frequented the best Ordinaries at the polite End of the Town, and being introduced at a certain Coffee-house near *Dassle-Street*, he eat Soup with Officers of Rank, and more than once had the Honour to dine with a crazy Baronet.

Dick, who had no small Share of natural Curiosity, was very desirous of being acquainted with the Characters of his Fellow-Guests ; and his Introduc-tor, who was an Half-pay Lieutenant, and whose Spleen and Ill-nature were proportionably increased with the Diminution of his Pay, was glad of so favourable an opportunity of indulging his most gratifying Passion.

“ Sir (said he to *Dick*) that Person whom you “ perceive at the Head of the Table has presided “ here these Twenty Years : He is an old Major “ of Invalids, who looks upon every Man out of the “ Army with Contempt and Scorn, and has more “ than once desired the Master of the House to “ admit of no other Guests to this Ordinary but “ such as were military Men, as we might be “ sure of being in Company with none but Gen- “ tlemen ; but from the Sample of his Stomach he “ chuses

“ chuses to have as little to do with them as possible.”

“ How, Sir (said *Dick*) does he think the other Three genteel Professions do no confer that Title as much as the Sword?—I am pretty certain there are as good Gentlemen of the Church and the Faculty as any the Army can boast.”

“ I do not doubt it, Doctor (replied the Officer): But softly, or he will overhear us; for though he pretends to be deaf, it is only an Artifice of his to gain a Knowledge of People’s Sentiments of him, without being supposed to know what they utter. It was but the other Day he had a Waiter turned away, for saying in a low Whisper, which he nevertheless heard, *This old Fellow will never have done eating. He begins the first, and ends the last.*”

“ The Person who sits next him is a *French Refugee*, who came over here 40 Years ago for the Sake of Religion, though he has never been to Church since his Arrival. He complains always of the Want of Appetite, yet he is sure to devour the nicest Bits of every Dish that passes him; and when his Plate is too much filled to hold any more, if he espies the Breast or Wing of a Fowl or Turkey, which he thinks he can demolish, he calls for an auxiliary Plate, that it may remain a *Corps de Reserve* for the Supplement of his Appetite. By this Means it often happens that we at the lower End of the Table never get a Taste of any Dish that is better than common, whilst he turns away more than would serve three or four—But stay, Sir, we shall stand a bad Chance for a Bit of that Goose, if we do not make Interest with the Waiter before it goes by him again.”

So interesting an Operation for some time diverted

ed their Thoughts from the Characters of the Guests to the Taste of the Viſuals, as their Attention had hitherto been intirely taken up with Soup and the two Monopolists.

When the Subaltern had repaſted himſelf as much as he could upon the Fragments which deſcended from the upper End of the Table, he renewed his Deſcription of the Characters of the different People about him. “ The Perſon who ſits
 “ on your Right-hand (ſaid he to *Dick*) dreſſed in
 “ that tawdry Suit of laced Cloaths, was a few
 “ Months ſince a common Soldier in the *African*
 “ Company’s Service: His Story is ſomething ſingular. About two Years ago he came over from
 “ *Ireland*, upon the Demiſe of his Father; and inſtead of applying the Legacy which was bequeathed him in the Purchase of a Commiſſion, he laid
 “ it out in *Monmouth-Street* in Second-hand Embroidery and a blue Feather, which he wore in a
 “ Hat laced with Gold Point d’Eſpagne. In this
 “ Dreſs he walked about Town and frequented
 “ public Places, till all his fine Cloaths, not forgetting his Hat, returned to their primitive Station;
 “ and having in vain repeatedly importuned his
 “ Brother, who reſided in *Ireland*, to furniſh him
 “ pecuniary Aſſiſtance, in a Fit of Deſpair he repaired to an Agent’s Office near the *Change*, and
 “ liſted for a Soldier in the *African* Service. He
 “ ſoon after ſet Sail with the other Recruits raiſed
 “ for the Protection of the Company’s Settlements
 “ upon the Coaſt of *Guinea*, where he arrived after a long and diſagreeable Voyage, which his
 “ Conſtitution ſo ill ſuited with, that he was violently afflicted with the bloody Flux. He was
 “ ſtill confined by Illneſs in the Hoſpital, when a
 “ Letter of Advice came to the commanding
 “ Officer to diſmiſs him, his Brother having died
 “ the

“ the very day he set sail from *England*; and he be-
 “ coming possessed of fifteen hundred Pounds a
 “ Year, his Brother’s Executors had purchased his
 “ Liberty, and obtained his Recal. Accordingly
 “ he was brought out of the Hospital, and being
 “ cleansed and cloathed in decent Apparel he was
 “ placed at the Captain’s Table, who till then was
 “ unacquainted with the Connexions of his late
 “ Soldier and present Guest. He was now ac-
 “ commodated in the best Manner the Fort would
 “ allow; and having in some measure recovered
 “ his Health, he returned to *England* on board the
 “ first Ship that sailed for *Europe*. He has since re-
 “ sumed his former ridiculous Appearance; and
 “ notwithstanding his apparent Frugality in many
 “ Respects, still continuing to purchase all his
 “ Cloths Second-hand, eating at Ordinaries, and
 “ living in a Garret, he is nevertheless so contra-
 “ dictorily extravagant upon various Occasions,
 “ particularly with regard to the Ladies of Plea-
 “ sure, to whom he is one of the greatest Dupes
 “ now about Town, that it will not be surprising
 “ if in a few Years we see him in the same mise-
 “ rable State from whence the Death of his Bro-
 “ ther released him, without having done one Act
 “ that reflected honour upon himself, or tended to
 “ the good of Mankind.

“ ‘The little black Man who sits opposite to you
 “ (continued *Richard’s* friend) is a *Frenchman*,
 “ though he disowns his Country, and says he is a
 “ *Swiss*: Neither will he acknowledge that he is a
 “ Jesuit, though it is well known by many that he
 “ belongs to that Order. He came over in the
 “ Character of Master of Languages; and though
 “ he is ignorant of every Tongue in *Europe* funda-
 “ mentally, he had the Art of insinuating himself,
 “ by Means of the Recommendation of foreign
 Vol. I. E “ Ministers,

“ Ministers, to whom he rendered himself very
“ useful in different Respects, in many good Fa-
“ milies. However he soon lost his Credit in this
“ Capacity; for Three of his Female Scholars
“ eloped in Six Months, Two were then pregnant,
“ and one is now in Keeping by a Foreigner of
“ Distinction. If he could no longer act in the
“ Character of Master of Languages, his Talents
“ in the other Vocation, were become so famous,
“ that he had more Business upon his Hands than
“ he could execute himself; so that he was obliged
“ to employ Two Assistants, to whom he allowed
“ proper Stipends. He has had the Honour of pimp-
“ ing for Persons of the first Rank, and is supposed
“ to have transferred as many Maidenheads to the
“ Nobility as he is now possessed of *India Bonds*.
“ He has, however, drawn upon himself the Aver-
“ sion of many, even amongst his Employers: For
“ though they approved his Dexterity as a Bawd,
“ they could not help despising the Pander; add
“ to this the Resentment of the Relations of those
“ Females whom he has been the Instrument of
“ deluding; so that he frequently meets with Af-
“ fronts, which he very philosophically passes over;
“ and notwithstanding he has been more than once
“ refused admittance at Court, he still persists in
“ making his Appearance there.”

By these Means *Dick* soon became acquainted with the Character of every remarkable Personage who frequented this Ordinary; so that though he had at first resorted hither in the Expectation of associating with good Company, he found he was greatly mistaken; and that in Point of Eating, it was but a mere *Tantalus's* Meal, which the President and staunch Members took particular Care should be only a visual Regale. He communicated his Sentiments upon this Head to his Conductor, who, from the

the Characters he had drawn, was compelled to acquiesce with him in these Sentiments; and it was resolved that they should the next Day go in Pursuit of better Chear, if not better Company.

C H A P. XV.

A Description of the Guests of a certain Ordinary near Soho, and the Reason of Dick's quitting it.

AGREEABLE to their Resolution they changed their foraging Quarters the next Day, being informed of the best Ordinary in *London*, in a Street leading to *Soho-Square*. This News was the more agreeable to *Dick* and his Friend, as it might have been said they were fairly starved out of their former Mefs. Thither then they accordingly repaired, precisely at Three o'Clock, when they and the Soup entered together. At the Head of the Table sat a lusty Woman, who seemed to be the best and most promising Sign the House could have, as she was really the Emblem of Plenty. On one Side of her sat a Man aged about Sixty-four, to whom she appeared to pay her greatest Attention. She called him *Captain*, which carried a Sort of Conviction to *Dick* that he had no puny Appetite; however, his carbuncled Face and Deficiency of Teeth rendered the Opinion problematical, at least for some Time: But every Doubt upon this Head was soon removed, when after Three Plates of Soup, about a Pound of *Boullié*, half a Fowl, and a couple of Flounders, he ordered a clean Plate for an additional Provision of Apple-pye. But if he so earnestly and warmly complimented the Dinner, by paying such profound Respect to every Dish, he was not without his Intervals of complaining at the Loss of Appetite (which

certainly could not be ill-grounded ere he had finished)] as well as at the Agony of the Stone, and apologizing for the Disturbance he occasioned, by being obliged to rise Five Times, in order to attempt an urinary Evacuation. So that making proper Allowances for these Intervals and Interruptions, it cannot be alledged that he lost much Time in his Performance, considering that Dinner was intirely removed in about an Hour.

Opposite to the Captain sat a Man, whose rueful Countenance, and tarnished laced Cloaths, bespoke him a Foreigner of *no* Distinction. It seems he was Valet de Chambre to a certain foreign Minister, who keeps all his Servants upon Board Wages, because he is not able to pay for their eating at home, and has lost all his Credit with his Baker and Butcher. This Domestic (who was nevertheless equipped with a Sword, and was said to be a dreadful Man with that Weapon) though he was opposite in Point of Situation to the Captain, was very far from being so in Point of Eating. He rather demonstrated what the Captain had been able to perform Twenty Years before, when the rack-ing Pains of the Stone and the urinary Calls no-way prevented him paying his intire Devotions at the Altar of Gluttony. This *exotic Bolter* was computed to be a *Five Pound Man*, without Sauce or Acids. He was a professed *Ordinary-Breaker*: He had caused Two Eating-Houses to be shut up within a Week, had been bought off from a third, and was actually in Treaty with *Dick's* present Landlady for Two Dozen of Wine, never to shew his Dexterity there again. This Information she gave the Company after his Departure, and at the same time hinted she was a considerable Loser by the Captain; but that she should tolerate him, as, according to the Height of his Disorder and the Course of Nature,

ture, he could not live many Months; and that he had as good as promised her he should not forget her in his Will.—He died within the Time, but forgot to subjoin his Codicil.

Dick's Curiosity was now excited to know who the little Foreigner in Black that sat opposite to him might be; which the Landlady very readily gratified, by drawing his Picture in a few Words. "He was originally in Monk's Orders; but having
"an Intrigue with a Nun, which was discovered,
"he and his Mistress were obliged to make their
"Escape out of *France*, lest the Laws of that Country should have been inflicted upon them for their
"Indiscretion. They took Refuge in *Holland*,
"where she exerted her Talents as an Actress, and
"in that Capacity attracted the Attention of a rich
"Burgo-master, who took her into Keeping, and
"she allowed him a certain Sum to live upon; not
"being contented with her Bounty, in endeavouring to make her increase it, a Quarrel arose, in
"which such Abuse passed on his Side, as his Mistress would never forgive: So that after repeated Intreaties, he found himself under the Necessity of decamping, as he had no longer any
"Credit at *Amsterdam*, and as all his Money and
"most of his Cloaths had long since been disposed of. In a word, he thought proper to come over
"to *England*, where he was for some time in the
"utmost Indigence; but changing his Religion,
"the Committee of the *French* Refugees allowed him a small Support till such time as he
"could get into some Kind of Business. He at length obtained the Place of *French* Teacher at
"a Boarding School some Miles from *London*. He
"was now enabled to make a more decent Appearance; and falling into Company with a Girl who
"was tired of remaining any longer in a Virgin

“ State, he easily prevailed upon her to marry.
“ Though she brought him no other Dower than
“ her Person, he thought proper to give out that
“ his Wife was an Heiress; and in this Presump-
“ tion he took a genteel House at the polite End
“ of the Town, though he did not intirely give
“ up his Profession; for he endeavoured to gain
“ Scholars and Boarders. But this Plan succeeded
“ so ill, that he soon found himself compelled to
“ quit his House, and leave the Furniture to pay
“ his Rent and his Creditors. His Wife finding
“ Things take so disagreeable a Turn, and that
“ her Husband, who had imposed himself upon
“ her for a Man of Fortune, was little better than
“ a Beggar, she thought it was time to study her
“ Interest rather more than her Duty; and con-
“ sulting her Glass, she perceived such Charms as,
“ properly employed, might set her above Want.
“ An Opportunity soon occurred; and a certain
“ Scotch Peer soon after taking Notice of her at
“ Ranelagh, found Means to have a Conference
“ with her; in which he made her such Proposals,
“ as she thought it would be imprudent for her at
“ present to refuse. A Lodging was taken for her,
“ and my Lord repeated his Visits. Her Husband
“ immediately took the Alarm, and threatened a
“ Prosecution for Crim. Con. But his Resentment
“ was soon stifled by an Agency from his Lordship,
“ with 200 *l.* ready Money, or Security for an An-
“ nuity of 50 *l.* a Year for his Life. The Sight
“ of the Money was too alluring; he had never
“ seen such a Sum before, and he fairly gave up
“ all his Pretensions to his Wife for the Enjoyment
“ of the Gold. Flushed with his Success, and ima-
“ gining his Fortune was now made, without the
“ Possibility of that Jade’s ever turning her blind
“ Side to him again, he went that very Afternoon
“ and

“ and bespoke a Couple of Suits of laced Cloaths,
“ and as many plain ones : He then repaired to an
“ adjacent Tavern, and ordered an elegant Dinner,
“ enquired of the Porter for the finest Girl
“ he had upon his List, and was presently waited
“ upon by her. They regaled themselves together ;
“ and after Dinner she was enquired for by
“ a Person, who she said was a Clergyman, and
“ her own Brother. The little *Frenchman's* Politeness
“ would not let him wait a Moment for an
“ Invitation to make one of the Party. He ran
“ down himself, and brought him immediately to
“ his Sister, whom the Ecclesiastic had not seen,
“ according to her Account, for many Months,
“ having been in the *West Indies*, where he made
“ his Fortune by marrying a rich Widow. Such
“ powerful Recommendations failed not to impose
“ upon the Linguist—Every thing the Parson said
“ was Gospel—every thing he proposed was Law.
“ At length a Party at Piquet was mentioned, and
“ the Cards were almost as instantly produced.
“ They began for a Bottle, and they ended for
“ an Hundred Pounds, double or quit, which the
“ little *Frenchman* lost. It were needless to say this
“ was the Price of his Wife, which he had received
“ in the Morning, and that he was left Pennyless.
“ The Lady who had favoured him with her Company
“ to Dinner being converted from her bad Courses
“ by the Presence of her pious Brother, they retired
“ together, and left the unhappy Linguist to lament
“ his Fate and the Force of Religion.
“ Since that Time he has been compelled to
“ drudge on in his former Vocation, his Wife still
“ remaining in his Lordship's Possession, despised
“ as much for his mean Condescension as his extravagant
“ and credulous Folly.”

The *German Valet* set to Flight, the Captain defunct, and the little *Frenchman* conveyed to his Summer Lodgings in the *Marshallsea*, there was not one Member of the Ordinary left, except the Mistress, who could converse in the *English* Language: For the whole Company that now remained consisted of Two Bass-Viols, Three Hautboys, Two Violins, a *French Horn*, Three Kettle-Drums, and a Violoncello; and as *Dick* had not a *Gusto extravaganzo*, or the nicest Ear in the World for Music, he was rather tortured than ravished with so much Harmony.

CHAP. XVI.

A very learned Exordium to a very foolish Discourse — which however becomes more serious. A MUSICAL is construed into a NATIONAL Reflection: A Challenge ensues. Dick fights a Duel with a Scotch Officer — Behaves like himself. The Event.

THE Philosopher's Stone has unsuccessfully gravelled the Brain of many *pseudo Philosophers* for some Ages. The Perpetual Motion has been in perpetual Agitation, without Cause or *real Primum Mobile*, for as many Centuries. The Longitude has fathomed the Intellects of all our Navigators, and proved the legislative Resolution, if not *illegal*, at least *ill-founded*. Nor can all the Disciples of *Euclid*, in or out of their Elements, square the Circle, and bring Mathematics to a Point. However arduous these Tasks may be, how much soever they may have foiled Alchymists, Navigators, and Mathematicians, they are easy, practicable, demonstrative, when put in Competition with that great *Arcanum* which so many have attempted, without one

one succeeding, except it were in a retaliative Proof — that is, *to convince a Man he is a Fool.*

Who would have thought that *Dick* and the Captain would ever mutually have set about so difficult an Attempt? Yet so it was, *Dick* having declared his Disgust to so much Music, and accidentally let drop that he never found such a Quantity of Sound accompanied with much Sense, the Captain immediately took up the Cudgels in Defence of the harmonious World, and so bang'd Physic about with Bass-Viols, Hautboys, and Humstrums, that he scarce left a Tye-Wig and a black Coat unmolested. It should seem that the Captain, though a military Man, and ready to engage as a Volunteer in any Service, was fighting somewhat out of his Sphere, and with Instruments not sufficiently warlike; for he never, during the whole Argument, touched upon the Drum or blew the Trumpet. But this seeming Inconsistency will soon be removed, when it is known that though the Captain was not a professed Musician, yet he professed Music; that is, he could play Three Tunes upon the *German Flute*; and though he had no Voice, thought he had great Taste in humming a Ballad.

The Captain was urging his Point with much Vehemency, to prove that every Man that professed Physic must necessarily be a Fool, when *Dick*, who found himself greatly distressed for want of Terms as well as Argument against the Performers of Music, was at length obliged to yield the Dispute, and acknowledged, much against his Will, that there might be some sensible Men fond of Music. “ Ay (said the Captain) not only sensible, but great, heroic, brave, noble, generous, patriotic Men; nay (continued he) it is impossible to be so without having a proper Fondness

“ for that divine Art; and this is evinced by what
 “ *Shakeſpear* ſays :

“ He that has not Muſic in his Soul
 “ Is fit for Plots, Treason, and Rebellions.”

“ And yet (replied *Dick* with a Sneer) the *Scotch*
 “ in Fifteen and Forty-five had no Manner of A-
 “ version to it; on the contrary, they were rather
 “ fond of it, and are at this Hour all Bagpipers
 “ to a Man.”

The Captain, who was himſelf a *Scotchman*, fired at this Inſult, as he thought it, upon his Country, aſked *Dick* with ſome Emphaſis, “ Whether he
 “ meant that as a national Reflection?” “ What
 “ (reſumed *Dick*) to be fond of Muſic? I thought
 “ you eſteemed it a Virtue!” The military Gentleman turning upon his Heel, went home to his Lodging, and wrote the Doctor a Challenge, much in theſe Words :

“ SIR,
 “ **A**S I preſume you ſtile yourſelf a Gentleman,
 “ and in that Capacity you muſt think it be-
 “ hoveth you to give Satisfaction to a Perſon of my
 “ Profeſſion, after ſo groſs an Inſult as you have
 “ this Day given me, I ſhall expect to meet you
 “ prepared To-morrow Morning in *Hyde-Park* by
 “ the Cheeſe-Cake Houſe.

“ Your’s till then,

“ ALEXANDER MACCAMPBELL.”

Every Incident, however trivial, however dangerous, may, conſidered in a philoſophical Light, be turned to ſome Advantage. Now if this Diſpute had not happened, and the Challenge been
 given,

given, I and the Reader might in all likelihood have been left in the Dark, with respect to the Captain's Country and his Name. So that after having been so long pestered with his Nonsense, we might at length have dropped his Acquaintance, without so much as knowing who he was, or where he came from.

Now let us see how *Dick* behaves upon this Occasion. I would, as a peaceable Man and a Philosopher, advise him not to accept or answer the Challenge: But then as a Hero—as a Parasite—as *Dick Swallow*—Son of the Reverend Mr. *Swallow*—descended lineally from King *Edgar*—as a Gentleman, and, what is still more, as a Doctor, he cannot tamely put up with such an Insult—lest he should be taken by the Nose in every Coffee-house in Town, and peremptorily declared and pronounced a Coward.

Dick acted just as he ought to have done: He repaired to the Place of Rendezvous, took a Sword and a Brace of Pistols with him, met the Captain, after a Parley exchanged Two Balls with him, and was wounded *in the Skirt of his Coat*. 'There is Heroism for you!—Who now dare dispute *Dick Swallow's* being a Man of Courage?—Who dare call the Doctor's Honour in question?

A Man's Reputation being once established, whether he has killed his Man or no, he necessarily and authoritatively assumes an Air of greater Importance—*Dick Swallow* looks big, and is complimented, courted, and feared in proportion as his Countenance testifies Anger and Resentment. The Captain did not think *Dick* would have fought, and so he surpriz'd himself into a Duel: Now the Consequence of this Combat was, that the Captain was very glad to make *Dick* his Friend again; and though the Day before he thought it a national

Reflection

Reflection for him to say, *The Scotch played upon the Bagpipes*, he would not now have thought it one had the Doctor averred, even in a physical Sense, *They were very expert at the Fiddle*. No, so far from it, the Captain insisted upon *Dick's* dining with him; and though all Altercation might the Day before have been prevented, if the Captain had chosen to have made use of his Penetration—I mean into *Dick's* Pocket, which, being deficient of its proper Diapason, made him take such a particular Disgust to Music; I say, though the Captain did not then exert his Second-sighted Talent, he thought it prudent now to avail himself of it, and in a seeming friendly Manner said, “Per-
“ haps Cash is low; but I have some at your Ser-
“ vice.” This Proposal set every Thing to Rights. They went to Dinner at the old Place; and there was not any Instrument (Forks and Knives included) even in *Dick's* Opinion, out of Tune.

CHAP. XVII.

Being the CHAPTER OF OECONOMY ; very proper to be read by all Prodigals and Spendthrifts—but earnestly recommended to be passed over by every Reader who can suspect himself tinctured with the smallest Degree of Penury or Covetousness.—N. B. It is certain Poison to a Miser.

THE last Chapter sufficiently proved, I think, Dick's Courage and Heroism : So that I would have the Reader be very civil to him, and not cavil at any thing he may do or say, lest he should call upon him in *Hyde-Park*, or behind *Montague-House*. To tell the Truth, I am a little afraid of him myself, now I have found him to be such a spirited Fellow, and I wish I had fairly got rid of him with all my heart : For if I should happen to say a Syllable too much or a Word too little, he may be for pointing with the end of his Sword, *Anatomist-like*, the nearest Way to my Heart, or, what is still worse, in order to illustrate his new Treatise upon Gun-shot Wounds, he may think a half-starved Author no unfit Object for trying the Force of that heavy Metal. These Things being duly considered, I wish the Doctor had never employed me for his Biographer ; but as I have undertaken the Task, I must go through with it, let the Consequence be what it will.

I think we left the Doctor going to Dinner, after having taken a Whet of *Honour* in *Hyde-Park*, which was, however, an Object of so much Consequence that he could not stay to Breakfast, and which did not fail giving him a higher Relish for the ensuing Repast. But I am sorry to be obliged to remember that *Dick* had no Money in his Pocket,
save

save the Compliment Captain *Maccampbell* made him in going along ; and if we are to take into Consideration the usual Extent of a Half-pay Lieutenant's Purse, we cannot suppose this Compliment would far exceed the necessary Expence of dining. Now that great Evil attending Humanity called *Eating* would in all Likelihood prevail the next Day, and it will be expedient we should find Ways and Means for raising the necessary Supplies.

He retired to Rest with a heavy Heart, resolving not to rise the next Day till he had hit upon some Scheme for extricating himself from his present Difficulties. *Dick's* Imagination failed him for Fourteen Hours ; and whilst his inventive Powers were then performing Quarantine, the House was under Debate whether some Accident had not happened to the Doctor, as he commonly rose pretty early, and had not yet been heard at One o'clock in the Afternoon. His Landlord consulted with his Neighbour upon the Staircase what was proper to be done : " For (said he) if he should have hanged himself, and we break open the Door, we may perhaps still save his Life—But the Question is, Can we legally do it without the Assistance of a Constable ?" This Debate, which he partly heard, as the Conference was held at his Door, added to a very sharp Appetite, prompted him to rise and examine the present State of his Finances ; when lo ! they appeared to consist of the Sum of *Two Pence One Halfpenny*. He had, in the Course of his Ruminations, fully considered the Extent of his Wardrobe and Moveables, without being able to hit upon any Piece of Merchandize that would raise a Silver Sixpence, except what he had upon his Back—so that he was going to conclude this would necessarily be a Day of involuntary Fasting. However, he at length recollected having
been.

been informed that there was a cheap Eating-house near *Newgate-Street* : He repaired thither, and discovered it under the Title of *Young Pontac's*. He was still apprehensive that his Cash would not enable him to make a Regale here ; but upon Enquiry he found himself agreeably mistaken, and was presently served with a Mefs of Broth, and a Mutton-Chop, which, with Bread, amounted to no more than the Extent of his Pocket.

Dick was highly pleased at having found out so cheap an Ordinary, and was resolved as an Oeconomist to frequent it; even when such absolute Necessity did not oblige him to take this Road. He accordingly resorted here twice or thrice a Week, and picked up some saving Knowledge he was before unacquainted with. An elderly lusty Man, tolerably genteel in his Dress, constantly messed with him. By his great Attention to the Goodness of the Halfpence and his Antipathy to the Bread the House afforded, which induced him always to bring a Slice in his Pocket, *Dick* had a shrewd Suspicion that he was a Man whose Circumstances might enable him to live in a more satisfactory Manner ; and therefore had the Curiosity one Day, after he had made his *Twopenny* Dinner, to follow him home. *Dick* saw him enter into one of the Inns of Court, and was informed by the Porter that he was an *Irish* Nobleman's Brother, who occupied the three Pair of Stairs Chamber, on Account, as he said, of thereby avoiding any Noise over his Head : That he was reputed to have an Income of about Eight hundred Pounds a Year ; yet he kept no Servant, nor would be troubled with the Laundress of the Inn ; so that it was supposed he had not had a Fire in his Chambers for Seven Years that he had occupied them, in which Time they had never undergone a Cleaning : That his Washer-woman gave

gave him the Character of a great Oeconomist, as he never wore but one Shirt a Week ; and in Summer, when his Brother was out of Town (at whose House he constantly dined when his Lordship was in London) he shifted but once a Fortnight : That he employed no other Taylor than the Occupier of the Stall at the Corner of the Lodge, who had avowed that he had pieced his Breeches seven times : That his Peruke-maker kept a Shop in *Middle-Row* : And that he performed the Office of Shoeblick himself.

This astonishing Instance of Frugality did not fail to make *Dick* look back upon his former Conduct in the highest Point of Prodigality ; and since he found Noblemen's Brothers such constant Guests at *Pontac's*, he was resolved to get the better of an over-keen Appetite, and devote but Two Pence Halfpenny a Day for his Dinner.

Notwithstanding this new Plan of Oeconomy which *Dick* adopted, we do not find that he proportionably enriched himself, either in Pocket or Flesh : On the contrary, from a tolerable good Habit of Body, which he had acquired by his former plentiful Living for some Months, he was grown thin, looked wan and pale, and every Person that he met, whom he was acquainted with, asked him if he was not ill. At the same Time, with all this Parsimony, his Finances seldom exceeded a Shilling ; so that in despite of the noble Example which he had for some Time followed, *Dick* resolved for the future to make a hearty Meal, as often as the State of his Pocket would allow, or his Address in obtaining Admittance to a good Table would serve him for a Passport.

Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give :
For, not to live at Ease, is not to live :

Death

Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live while thou liv'st ; for Death will make us
all
A Name—a Nothing—but an Old Wife's Tale.

These Lines, which *Dick* met with in the *Spectator*, translated from *Persius*, had perhaps more Influence over his future parasitical Conduct, than even the mortifying Salutations upon the Score of Sicknefs which he frequently met with, or the Danger he thought there was of spoiling his Fortune by emaciating his Body.

C H A P. XVIII.

The MATRIMONIAL CHAPTER, or pick and chuse Wives Two Shillings a Piece ; being a certain and (almost) infallible Method of obtaining a Lady, young, rich, agreeable, &c. &c. &c. at the reasonable Price of Four and Twenty Pence.

¶ *We are sorry to find that the Liberty of the Press and Matrimony have since that Period been taxed One third higher——Patriots and Lovers have indeed now Reason to cry out (ay, and audibly too) O Tempora ! O Mores !*

METHINKS I hear some snarling Critic cry.
“ Why this is a perfect Dissertation upon *Eat-*
“ *ing*. He had better have given it the Title of *A*
“ *Treatise upon Cookery* ; and if he had chosen a
“ hard foreign Name for the *Title-Page Author*, he
“ might have stood a much better Chance of sel-
“ ling his Book, than in its present Form of a No-
“ vel—This Fellow is certainly some half-starved
“ Author, who having long lost Sight of a real
“ good Dinner, has a Mind to indulge his Imagina-
“ tion

“ tion with one upon Paper——This must be
 “ the Production of some hungry *Grub*, whose
 “ predominant Passion, so seldom gratified, being
 “ to eat, he cannot get the Thoughts out of his
 “ Head.” All this, and whatever else the learned
 or unlearned Critic shall chuse to say upon this Per-
 formance, the Editor chearfully submits to; and
 as the Doctor has been so long employed in this nat-
 ural Function, it is necessary that he as well as the
 Reader should have some Time allowed for Dige-
 stion : And to this End he is now preparing his He-
 ro for a long Fast, which he imagines will be of in-
 finite Service, if not to his Body or his Soul, at least
 to his Pocket.

I have met with the Remark somewhere, 'That
 all Comedies, as well as Novels, end with the He-
 ro's Marriage; for that neither the Poet nor the Au-
 thor, however powerful their Invention might have
 been whilst he remained in a State of Celibacy, are
 able to carry him through a Scene or a Chapter as
 soon as the nuptial Knot is tied. Now I would wil-
 lingly break the Neck of this Remark, if I possibly
 could, and, by publishing the Banns for the first
 Time next *Sunday*, marry *Dick* before he were a
 Month older.—But there are two Thing necessary
 to be previously obtained : The first is, to meet
 with a Lady in *every Respect* suitable (*but more parti-*
cularly in Point of Fortune) and the next, *to get her*
into the Mind. The Reason I have laid such a
 Stress upon the *Italic* Parenthesis might be obvious
 to any Reader in *Dick's* present Situation, as we do
 not believe he would have been long able to support
 a Wife, without some *auxiliary connubial* Assistance
 ——No, not even if she had agreed to dine every
 Day at *Young Pontac's* upon a Mess of Broth and a
 Mutton-Chop.

Ever

Ever since our Hero's Dismission from Mr. *Fillet's* Service, he had fixed his Mind intirely upon Matrimony; nay, even whilst *Belvidera* and his hopeful Muse flattered him with such theatrical Resources. He had dangled at *Ranelagh*, loitered at *Vauxhall*, counted the Trees over and over in *St. James's-Park*, and yet he found himself as far from marrying a Girl of Fortune as the very first Moment he stepped out of the Stage-Coach in *White-chapel*. This to be sure was extraordinary, considering our Hero's Merit and personal Accomplishments, yet it is nevertheless true, as well as the mortifying Consideration, that the Doctor's *black Coat* could not possibly undergo another Scouring, nor his *Perriwig* another Fluxing.

It was this last disagreeable Reflexion which induced him to think it was high Time to make something of a *desperate* Push towards Matrimony: He had seen many Advertisements in the public Papers, intimating that a Gentleman, so and so circumstanced, wanted a Wife; and he was resolved to add one to the Number of these matrimonial Candidates. Though it was a lucky Circumstance for *Dick* that the Price of advertising was then but Two Shillings (so that a Man might get a Wife a Shilling cheaper than he can now) yet considering that it left our Hero pennyless, it must be allowed that *he made a desperate Push* towards Matrimony, and may be literally said to have exhausted his whole Fortune to obtain a Wife. Notwithstanding the Ladies were unacquainted with this Circumstance (which by-the-bye would have been no very favourable one for our Hero) and were therefore intirely ignorant of the important Sacrifice he had made to them, and consequently the great Obligations he laid them under, the following Advertisement

tisement produced no less than six Letters, addressed as directed, the very Day it appeared, before Twelve at Noon.

MATRIMONY.

A Gentleman in the Prime of Life, whose Family and Vocation are unexceptionable, of the fairest Character and most unblemished Reputation, whose Person, he flatters himself (and has indeed been flattered by all his Acquaintance) is at least agreeable, is desirous of uniting in an honourable Way with a Lady, either Maid or Widow, under Forty Years of Age, of a chearful Temper, emulous of communicating as well as obtaining Contentment and Felicity. As to Fortune, which he looks upon no farther essential than as it is necessary to promote those Two desirable Ends, nothing farther upon this Head is required than what the Lady may think reasonable for the Support of her and her Issue.

Any Lady whom this Proposal (which is absolutely serious) may suit, will, upon addressing a Line to A. X. at Coffee-house, be answered in such a Manner, as will convince her of the Rectitude and Uprightness of the Advertiser's Intentions.

N. B. The utmost Secrecy is expected, and may be depended upon.

The Reader will doubtless imagine, as I did before him, that *Dick* had nothing to do now but to pick and chuse amongst his fair Correspondents for a Help-mate for Life.

The first Letter he opened was from a Widow, whose former Husband had died of hard Drinking, and who had left her without Children, or any Incumbrance whatever, save a Mortgage of Two thousand

thousand Pounds upon an Estate, which she enjoyed for Life; but desired, before she declared herself in a more open Manner, that he would acquaint her by Letter of his Height and Size, as well as his Complexion, that she might judge whether he was addicted to that Vice to which her former Husband had fallen a Martyr.

The next Epistle was from a Maiden Lady, who acknowledged she was a Year or two above the Limits of the Age he had pointed out; but that she had taken such Care of her Constitution and Complexion, that none judged her to be above Thirty: That in respect to Temper, as well as Fortune, she believed she should merit his Approbation, being of a remarkable sweet Disposition, and having an Annuity which was sufficient to support her and what Offspring she might *reasonably be expected to bring him.*

The third Card was from a Lady, who answered his Description to a Tittle, being young, handsome, rich, good-natured, sensible, polite, learned, benevolent, grateful, and in short possessed of every Virtue and Accomplishment that human Nature can possibly be endowed with. She was to be directed to at the Bar of the *Rose Tavern, Bridges-Street, Covent-garden.*

The next Answer was from a Lady much more *modest*, though not by some hundred Degrees so virtuous. She acknowledged she had been the Mistress of a Nobleman deceased, who had left her a very handsome Legacy, which, together with what she had saved during his Life, would enable her to live easy, in any Situation she could propose, the Remainder of her Days.

His fifth Correspondent was a Lady of a very pious Turn, who had long looked upon the Vanities
and

and vexations of this World in their true and sinful Light who did not now propose entering into Matrimony to indulge any carnal Desires or vicious Appetite, but purely with a spiritual view of uniting their Souls in holy Wedlock ; and therefore settled it as a preliminary Condition, that if he were not already, he should before Marriage, become a Convert to Mr. *Whitfield's* Doctrines, that they might walk together in the same Path of Righteousness to the Tabernacle of Faith.

The last Letter he opened was from a young Lady almost Sixteen, who had thought of nothing else but a husband for these Two Years, being persuaded that she was, notwithstanding her Youth, every Way qualified to make a good Wife ; and was therefore resolved to profit of the first Opportunity of going Post to *Scotland*, and uniting with any clever Man that would have her. The Postscript intimated that she was Heiress to 10,000*l*.

CHAP. XIX.

*A strange Revolution in the Situation of Dick's—
 Person. A very disagreeable Conference between him
 and his Landlady. The Price of a Conceit. The
 indispensable Necessity he finds himself under of em-
 ploying his Time in something else than making Love.
 Professions, Hours, and Characters, all in a Lump,
 &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.*

I Think we have cut out Work enough for Dick now——No less than Six Women upon his Hands at once, all soliciting him to Wed. “What a stupid Rascal am I (said he) not to have had thought of this Method before, when I had a good Coat to my Back, and Money in my Pocket!——Now the Opportunity offers, I am so unluckily situated, that I cannot profit of it——It is impossible for me to appear in this Dress with the least Glimmering of Success; and what Rendezvous can I appoint, what Party propose, or what engagement enter into, without a Sixpenny Piece in my Pocket?” Notwithstanding these disagreeable Considerations, he set himself down, and answered every one of the Letters, resolving that he would not let such an Occasion slip, and imagining that One amongst the Six might overlook his thread-bare Coat, and Consider only his Person and Abilities.

Whilst he was thus situated between Hope and Despair, his Landlady, who had some Suspicion of his Probity from his Manner of Living and Appearance, had frequently sent the Maid up into the next Room, to attend his Motions. and observe if he

he did not make off with the Sheets, as she had some time before sustained such a Loss by a similar Lodger. Having now remained a Fortnight, without once offering to make any Payment, save the Shilling Earnest he had given (and to evade which he had always waited his Opportunity to slip out when he thought nobody was in the Way) his Landlady one Morning lay in Ambush, and meeting him upon the Stairs, asked him, in a very abrupt Manner, for his Rent ; but *Dick* had a ready Answer prepared, “ That he had paid away all his “ Money the Day before, but that she should certainly have it the next Morning.” This did not however satisfy her : She began to remonstrate with him in saying, “ That she must pay her Rent, and “ that she could not possibly give him any longer “ Credit—Besides, Sir, (said she) where are your “ Cloaths ? You have not brought your Cloaths “ yet ; so that I have no sort of Security in Hand.” “ Indeed (he replied with some Pleasantry) you “ are mistaken ; I brought my Cloaths here the “ first Night, and I am much surprized you have “ not seen them.” “ Why, where are they ? (said she) there is no Trunk or Box in your Room, “ and I can find nothing upon the Shelves in your “ Closet.” “ That may be (he replied) and yet “ all my Cloaths are here this very Minute.” “ How is that possible ?” (she asked) “ Why, Ma- “ dam (continued he) they are all upon my “ Back ; and I cannot bring any more than I “ have.”

This Conceit cost him an immediate Dismissal, and she insisted upon his procuring himself another Lodging for that Night. This unexpected Inconvenience interrupted the Progress of his Six different Suits ; and he found it necessary, before he

got

got even One Wife, to make certain of a Habitation, which he was now bereft of.

The Errand of Lodging-hiring was one that was very far from being agreeable to him; for besides the Consideration that his Shoes were in a very tender Plight, and would scarce hold out a Journey from St. *James's* to St. *Paul's*, he was under some Apprehensions of being dogged by his Creditors (who by this Time were pretty numerous) or their Agents, in order to discover the Place of his Abode; which being once known to them, he was almost certain of being summoned to the Court of Conscience, if not of being served with a Copy of a Writ.

He had seen many Bills, but his shabby Appearance had every where as yet precluded him the Inspection of the Apartments, though he had knocked at every Door between *Charing-Cross* and *Temple-Bar*, where an Inscription announced the Accommodation he was in Search of. As to the Verge of the Court, he had already experienced the extravagant Price of Lodgings there, which, added to the inevitable Necessity of changing them at the End of the Week in case of Nonpayment, diverted his Thoughts intirely from that Quarter; and he rather chose to run the Risque of a Visit from a Catchpole in a Morning fasting, than engage in an Expence it was almost impossible for him to support, and which must inevitably precipitate him into still greater Embarrassments than he was now surrounded with.

At length he knocked at one Door, which was opened by a Woman about Sixty, the Lines of whose Face strongly indicated the Vixen, the Termagant — An Asperity of Brow seemed to have fixed its Reign for the Residue of her Life, and to date

its Accession from that Female Climacteric which convinces the Sex, in despite of all their Artifice in sinking Years, that they are no longer juvenile, but that their Charms are flown, their maternal Powers have quitted them, and in a word, that they are really under the Predicament of old Women. After having shewn him the Apartment which was to let, and for the Hire of which she asked him 5s. a Week, she enquired what Profession he was of. He replied a *Presbyterian*. "Poh (said she) I do not mean your Religion; but do you belong to the Sea or Land?" "I am amphibious, Madam," he answered. She did not understand him, and she was satisfied.—"But, pray (continued she) what Hours do you keep?" "Very good ones (he said) if there are any." "I hope (said she) you are always at home by Eleven." "Constantly, Madam," he answered (adding, in a lower Voice) "*in a Morning*." "But then, Sir, your Character."—"Here, Madam, here it is" (producing a written Paper) and I believe nobody can question its being a good one." She could not read; so that his *portable Reputation* was lost upon her.

Thus satisfied in every Particular, she admitted him for her Lodger: And our Hero having easily packed up and conveyed his Baggage from his former Habitation, entered upon the Premises that very Evening.

CHAP. XX.

The Facility of getting rid of Half a Dozen Mistresses. Dick's Disgust against the Sex. An Adventure in the Park, and its Consequences, which it is impossible for the Reader, or any body else, to have expected.

SUCH is the uncertain State of human Affairs, that the most promising, the most practicable, the most flattering Scheme, may be frustrated, disconcerted, circumvented, by the most trifling, the most foreign, the most unexpected Incident. Who, in the Name of Wonder, could have imagined that *Dick's* Marriage and his Six blessed Wives should all be obliged to be laid aside for some time, by the Caprice, or rather Scrupulousness of *Dick's* former Landlady? But though they were laid aside, I would not have it imagined that they were intirely forgot—If the Reader remembers, *Dick* was very attentively employed in answering all his fair Correspondents, when his Landlady so unpolitely obliged him to *shift his Quarters*, because he was unable to *shift his Cloaths*.

We may imagine then by this time that every one of the Ladies was convinced that *Dick* could write, and that the Advertisement which had appeared was certainly his own Production. But was this a sufficient Recommendation for him? They were not desirous of being acquainted with his literary Abilities—not one of them called them in question: It was his manly, his moral, his pious (that is to say) his pecuniary Abilities that every one of his fair Correspondents (except the last) desired to be convinced of. As to Miss, she was herself pos-

possessed of Money enough to get down to *Scotland*; and she imagined all other wealthy Considerations were superfluous, looking upon a Husband alone as the *Summum Bonum* of all good Things.

By this Time the Integrity and Disinterestedness of *Dick's* Correspondents may begin to be suspected; and though by their Letters they seemed to have nothing more at Heart than a happy Union with an agreeable Companion for Life, upon farther Enquiry, *Dick* found it necessary to talk about Rent-rolls, Settlements, Pin-money. These were difficult Subjects for our Hero to expatiate upon, especially as he did not do them that Justice he could have wished under his *Curl-fallen Perriwig* and thread-bare Coat. In a word, there was not One of his five first Correspondents who, upon an Interview, did not decline entering into farther Engagements with our Hero, until he could prove himself to be a Man of some Property—Nay, even the pious Lady herself refused giving her Hand to *walk with him in the Path of Righteousness to the Tabernacle of Faith*, as he could not ascertain that he was possessed of more worldly than spiritual Riches.

Thus baffled of all his Hopes, after so fair a Prospect, he certainly would have approved of his most juvenile Correspondent's Proposal, notwithstanding the many Inconveniences that attended it, if her Guardian had not gained some Intelligence of the Scheme that was upon the Carpet, and completely put it out of her Power to execute it, by carrying her into the Country Fifty Miles from *London*, and there keeping her under the Eye of a very watchful Matron, whose Probity, though not invulnerable, was not to be attacked but by a Battery of Golden Shot, which our Hero's Artillery was at present unfurnished with.

Dick

Dick was one Day strolling in the Park, about Dinner time, when being at length tired with walking and ruminating upon the perfidious mercenary Sex, he seated himself upon a Bench. Soon after a middle-aged Woman genteelly dressed, came and placed herself by him. Our Hero was too deep in Thought to attempt broaching a Conversation; so that in all likelihood nothing would have passed between him and his present Companion, had she not been possessed of a greater Flow of Spirits than he could at this Juncture command. She had eyed him from Top to Toe for some Time, not in a scornful nor yet an amorous Manner; there was neither Love nor Derision to be discerned in her Looks, but that Sort of Attention which is visible in a Jockey when he examines a Horse that is entered for a Race or put up to Sale. The Weather, as usual, was the preliminary Discourse; which was presently changed to such Questions as *Dick* at first thought very inquisitive, if not impertinent: Having, however, satisfied her Curiosity with respect to his Country, his Age, and his Profession, he was not at all displeased with the Invitation she gave him to go and eat a Bit of Mutton with her.

He was conducted to a decent small House in the new Buildings, which was neatly not ostentatiously furnished, and found such a Repast precisely as he was invited to. *Dick* was all this while a good deal astonished to meet with so much Hospitality, from a Sex whom he with such strict Justice had been condemning for their mercenary self-interested Views. At first he imagined that his present Hostess might be employed by some one of his late Correspondents, who having repented of her Severity, was desirous of renewing their Acquaintance, and accomplishing her Proposal; but from the Te-

For of her subsequent Discourse, he was compelled to alter his Opinion. Ere now he had sufficiently recruited his Spirits to let her into his present necessitous Condition, which he imagined he had no Occasion to hide from her, as she had already made him many Offers of Friendship, and in particular desired him to favour her with his Company every Day at Three o'Clock.

It was not till *Dick* had paid his fourth or fifth Visit that he gained a Solution to this ænigmatical Politeness. In the mean while he was highly surprized at finding one Evening, upon his Return home, a genteel Suit of Cloaths in his Room. He readily concluded that they had been left there through Mistake, and instantly called up his Landlady to know by what Accident those Cloaths were in his Apartment. She informed him that a Taylor had enquired for him, and left them, saying he had brought home Mr. *Swallow's* Cloaths. *Dick* was still of Opinion that there must be a Mistake in this Affair, and that some other Person of his Name was the real Proprietor. In this Opinion he sent all about the Neighbourhood to enquire if there were any Namesake of his to be found; but all his Enquiries were ineffectual. At length prevailing upon himself to try them on, he found them fit very well; and in the Waistcoat Pocket he met with the Taylor's Bill and Receipt, with his own Christian and Surnames. Finding himself thus intitled to the Cloaths, he thought he might, without any further Scruple, wear them; which he accordingly did, and waited upon his new Female Acquaintance as usual to Dinner. She complimented him upon his genteel Appearance in such a Manner as gave him Reason to apprehend he had discovered the Banker who had so readily acquitted his Bill; and he failed not to signify to her that

that he was conscious he had more Obligations to her than she would allow him to acknowledge. She still persisted in her Ignorance of what he meant; and he could not obtain from her an open Acknowledgment of the Favour she had conferred.

All these Kindnesses from almost a Stranger must certainly have some Meaning, the Reader will necessarily say. *Dick* and the Editor both said so before him, and yet they could not discover what she would be at. See declared she would marry no Man breathing (for our Hero had felt her Pulse upon that Score) and as to any Correspondence of an amorous Nature, which *Dick* thought might be her Design, he found, upon the most distant Attack, the severest Repulse: She rather behaved like a Mother than a Mistress; her Beneficence seemed to flow from the Source of Friendship, not of Love. But why this casual Adoption? why this sudden Union?

CHAP. XXI.

An unexpected Transition in Dick's Affairs. The Severities of the Faculty upon him—His acquired Effrontery in withstanding them. An uncommon Character set in a true Light.

A Question was asked in the last Chapter, and it shall be answered in this. *Dick*, it is true, had got a new Suit of Cloaths, and the Run of a good Table—But his Fortune was not made yet, though his Benefactress often told him this was her Design. While they were at Tea *tete à tete* one Day, a Sedan Chair stopped at the Door, and a Female Visiter appeared, whose Age and Infirmities intitled her, without Affectation, to a Cane. She was introduced to *Dick* under the Title of Lady *D*——. Our Hero was somewhat confused to find himself in such good Company—His Over-eagerness to divest himself of the Plebeian, would have made him appear uncommonly ridiculous in any Company except the present, where the Rusticity of his Manners was his greatest Recommendation; and the native Bashfulness of *Denbighshire*, which frequently overspread his Cheeks with Blushes, communicated more agreeable Expression than the most well-timed Repartee uttered with all the Effrontery of Politeness.

After a Variety of Topics, such as the News of the Day, Plays, Players, Operas, Hurricanes, Balls, and Routs; Love, Friendship, and Happiness of course came upon the Carpet; in which Lady *D*—— made no small Figure as an Oratress, and proved to a Demonstration (at least so far as not to be contradicted by either of her Auditors) that Riches, Rank, and Magnificence were all empty Bawbles,

Bawbles, no way conducive to Contentment, as true Felicity could only be founded on Love and Friendship. This she accompanied with a Sigh, and a very expressive Look towards *Dick*; who observed, with all due Deference to her Ladyship's Opinion, that he should think himself the happiest Man breathing, if he were possessed of only One hundred a Year clear of all Deductions. "Indeed!" (resumed her Ladyship) then methinks you "might be very easily made happy."

This Conversation with Lady *D*—— failed not to create a Variety of Conjectures in our Hero's Mind; and he doubted very much whether this was a casual or an intended Rencounter between him and her Ladyship, more especially as his Benefactress put several Questions to him after her Departure, which clearly appeared to him intended to discover his Sentiments towards her Ladyship.

Though *Dick* was somewhat disconcerted at being thus unexpectedly surprized, for the first time, into the Company of a Lady of Quality, yet he was not so far off his Guard as not to perceive that his Interest was very immediately connected with the favourable Opinion he entertained of Lady *D*——: So that all his Answers united to communicate his Penetration of the utmost Regard towards her. These Sentiments were doubtless transmitted to her Ladyship very early; and in a few Days she found herself so ill, as to require the Doctor's Attendance and Advice.

This Mandate renewed in our Hero all the flattering Expectations he had pictured to himself upon his first Arrival in this Metropolis; and though he was not quite so sanguine at present as to think of "keeping his Vehicle, and driving into the *Porte-cochere* of every disposed or indisposed "Dowager of Rank," yet he fancied he was now

arrived at that wished-for Period when all his Abilities would be called in question, and when he might look upon his Elopement from *Wrexham* as the most lucky Event that ever happened to him.

When the Doctor had felt her Ladyship's Pulse, and given her such a Prescription as he thought would be the most agreeable to her, he failed not to receive his Fee; and his Remedies seemed so well suited to her Constitution, and so completely restored her Health, that she thought proper to appoint him her Physician in Ordinary, with a Salary that surpassed his most flattering Expectations.

It was now that *Dick* really moved in a State of easy Affluence; and as his natural Ambition prompted him to make an elegant Appearance, the Doctor, in this Respect, surpassed the greatest Part of the Faculty; who, on their Part, failed not to attack our Hero's Reputation, and not only as a Physician, but as a Man. It was soon promulgated that all his Pretensions to Physic had no other Foundation than his having acted in the Capacity of a Journeyman Apothecary.—His late shabby Appearance was contrasted to his present Magnificence; and from these Premises they drew Conclusions that were no way favourable to his Character: For they did not content themselves with suggesting that the salutary Advice he gave to Lady *D*—was the Source of his Affluence, but they even insinuated a Criminality of Conduct of a more unnatural Cast.

These scandalous Aspersions no-way affected *Dick*—He lived luxuriously, dressed well, and was in no Apprehensions of either Bailiffs or their Followers; and he in Turn laughed at the World, and despised Mankind. If they sneered at the *Smyrna*, tittered at *Batson's*, or laughed outright at the *Bedford*, he was now arrived at that happy State of Assurance, which

which Wealth is so apt to confer, as to remain callous to Ridicule, and insensible to Raillery. *Dick* picked his Teeth with Unconcern at the Glass, whilst all Eyes were upon him, and the sole Conversation taken up with his *Practice* and Appearance.

If it may appear extraordinary that *Dick*, whose Bashfulness was so completely manifested a short time since, even in the Company of Females, should so suddenly have obtained that consummate *Quantum* of Assurance to stand the Brunt of a Conclave of professed Sneerers; let the Reader in the first place consider his present Connexions, his Dress and Appearance, and, not to mention the Plenitude of his Purse, only that of his Stomach, and the Goodness of the Wine, which he constantly invited to the Aid of his Effrontery; let him also remember, that though he has not read above fifty Lines since *Dick's* Cheeks were covered with Blushes, perhaps (by a certain chronological License which Editors enjoy) it may be at least as many Weeks since Dr. *Richard Swallow* had the Honour of being first introduced to Lady D—— at Mrs. *W——r's*.

If the Reader should still imagine that the Question which was asked in the last Chapter is not yet answered, I must acquaint him, that Mrs. *W——r* was neither more nor less than a professed *Procuress* for Ladies of Fashion, who being either in want of Husbands, or such at least as gratified their Passions, found her very useful in assisting them in the Way they required: That she had the Art of insinuating herself into the Husbands Favour in such a Manner, that so far from suspecting her Profession, they looked upon themselves as infinitely obliged to her for the kind Advice and Assistance she administered to their Wives. Mrs. *W——r* was possessed of that valuable Secret of *preventing Impotency in Men and Barrenness in Women*; and has been so amazingly

ingly successful in her Cures, that she has scarce ever had a Patient under her Hands who did not obtain speedy Relief. To her Skill and powerful Assistance many honourable Heirs are indebted for their Existence, to the great Joy of their illustrious Fathers and Families. It were needless to add that by these Means Mrs. *W—r* had amassed a very genteel Competence, together with the Friendship and Acknowledgments of the Husbands of many Ladies of a *cold* Constitution.

This Illustration of Mrs. *W—r*'s Character will certainly serve for a sufficient Clue to her Kindness and Benevolence towards our Hero; and though he had for a long time considered her as one of the most generous, disinterested Women breathing, he had ere now discovered no small Tincture of personal Regard in her Composition: For he had learned, from a Quarter whose Intelligence could not be disputed, that she had received no less than a Bank Note of a Hundred Pounds for the good Offices she had employed towards Lady *D—*.

CHAP. XXII.

An Observation verified. Accidentally meets with Mrs. Fillet, in a very unexpected Situation. Her Adventures from the Time of Dick's Departure from her Husband. A modern Character or two illustrated.

I HAVE seen it remarked somewhere, that there never was a kept Woman without being a Keeper, or a Stallion without being a Whoremaster. *Dick* verified the Observation; for he in Return acted with as much Generosity towards the Sex as he found they exercised towards him. Indeed it cannot be imagined that *Dick*, who was not above Five-and-twenty, naturally of a robust Constitution, and now pampered with luxuriant Living, could confine his Inclinations or his Embraces to a vegetating Mummy, whose Desires were as nauseating as they were insatiable. No, *Dick* really entertained a Lady with some Pomp and Magnificence.

Dick, whose Friends were now pretty numerous, being at Supper one Night at the *Shakespeare*, after the Glafs had briskly circulated, it was agreed that the Merriment of the Conversation should be enlivened by the Assistance of Female Vivacity; and Messengers were presently dispatched, who soon convened Four Ladies, who were regularly introduced. What was *Dick's* Surprise at seeing the last who entered, when he found in her the Features, Voice, and Comportment of Mrs. *Fillet*!—but divested of that modest Look and engaging Air which formerly had so much captivated him. He took the first Opportunity of calling her aside, to convince himself whether or no he was mistaken. His Dress and

Ap.

Appearance had as much disguised *Dick* to her, as her libidinous Air and Gestures had disfigured her to him. Their Doubts were however soon removed, and they found they had sufficient Grounds to claim a prior Acquaintance; which induced them early to retire, with very little Ceremony, to a neighbouring Bagnio, where they passed the Remainder of the Night.

After our Hero had sufficiently gratified one Passion, that of Curiosity came into Play; and at his Request she gave him the following Detail of her Adventures since Mr. *Fillet* had made the fatal Discovery which dismissed him from his Service, and her from his Bed.

“ You must be sensible (said she) that I did not
“ long remain under the same Roof with Mr. *Fillet*.
“ My Residence with him was of no later
“ Date than the Time necessary to obtain a Divorce
“ in the Commons; for he said he did not
“ think it was worth his While to be at the Expence
“ of an Act of Parliament to be separated
“ from a Woman of such abandoned Principles,
“ especially as he could never think of uniting again
“ with that profligate Sex. I took a Lodging in a
“ Part of the Town where I was unknown, and
“ was endeavouring to get Employment for my
“ Needle, as, upon repeated Applications to my
“ Father, I found his Avarice had precluded me,
“ more than the false Step I had been guilty of,
“ from the Expectation of any Relief from that
“ Quarter. All my Applications for Employment
“ were however fruitless; and finding what little
“ Money I had been possessed of nearly exhausted,
“ I was not over-scrupulous in accepting of an Offer
“ which was made me by a Gentleman, of
“ living with him and going by his Name. In
“ this Situation I was tolerable easy, till such time
“ as

“ as he was obliged to go Abroad, when I soon
 “ found myself again unprovided for Support.
 “ However, Mrs. G——y, with whom I had made
 “ an Acquaintance during my Connexion with
 “ Captain L——, having frequently purchased
 “ Lace of her, soon put me in a Way of getting
 “ Money pretty fast. She told me *she had a Set of*
 “ *Gentlemen of the first Fashion who frequented her*
 “ *House; and that as I had never been in Company,*
 “ *I might command my own Price from them.* In
 “ this she did not deceive me; but at the End of
 “ Six Months, I found I had made no great Acqui-
 “ sition by my Industry, save Laces, Gewgaws, and
 “ *a big Belly.* She took this Opportunity of telling me
 “ it would be prudent of me to make some Pre-
 “ parations for my Lying-in; and advised me to
 “ take a genteel House in the polite Part of the
 “ Town, as I might have Credit for Household Fur-
 “ niture, or whatever else I might want, upon her
 “ Recommendation. I was easily prevailed upon
 “ to follow the Advice of a Woman of her Expe-
 “ rience, and accordingly hired a house in *Green-*
 “ *Street, Grosvenor-Square,* which was furnished by
 “ an Upholsterer whom she recommended, to the
 “ Amount of Six hundred Pounds. This Sum,
 “ great as it was, did not terrify me, as I was to
 “ discharge it at Ten Pounds a Week, which I
 “ found no great Difficulty to perform for the first
 “ Two Months; so extensive a Dominion had I
 “ then obtained over the Men, and so incontestable
 “ was the Price I fixed upon my Kindness. But
 “ at the End of this Period, I naturally arrived at
 “ the critical Time that rendered me unable to en-
 “ tertain my Enamoratos, and consequently their
 “ Presents discontinued with my Favours. It was
 “ now that I found myself pressed on every Side
 “ for Money, but particularly from my Upholster-
 “ er,

“ er, whom I could not prevail upon to allow me
 “ Time to recover my Health, when I should
 “ certainly have been as capable as ever of per-
 “ forming my Engagement. In a word, he com-
 “ pelled me to make over to him a Bill of Sale
 “ of all my Goods; when he disposed of them by
 “ Auction, to some of his own appointed Pur-
 “ chasers, for about One hundred Pounds; so that
 “ I was compelled to give him a Bond for the Re-
 “ mainder of the Money, which, notwithstanding
 “ the Payments I had made of Eighty Pounds,
 “ still continued to be Four hundred and Twenty
 “ Pounds. This Step taken by my Uphol-
 “ sterer alarmed the Rest of my Creditors: I
 “ found myself environed on every Side by daily
 “ Demands for Money, which soon produced
 “ Writs and Confinement. I had no sooner got
 “ Bail for one Debt than I was distressed for ano-
 “ ther; I presently found I had exhausted all my
 “ Friends, and that it was in vain any longer to
 “ think of escaping a Gaol. After being confined
 “ some Days in *Newgate*, as the County Gaol,
 “ I was moved by *Habeas Corpus* to the *Fleet*,
 “ where I remained several Months, till at length
 “ I was released by the late Act of Grace. Since
 “ that Time Mrs. G——y and I having had a
 “ complete Rupture, by Reason of some Discove-
 “ ries I had made concerning the Intrigues between
 “ her and the Upholsterer, I have been obliged
 “ to take my Chance in the common Course of
 “ Prostitution.”